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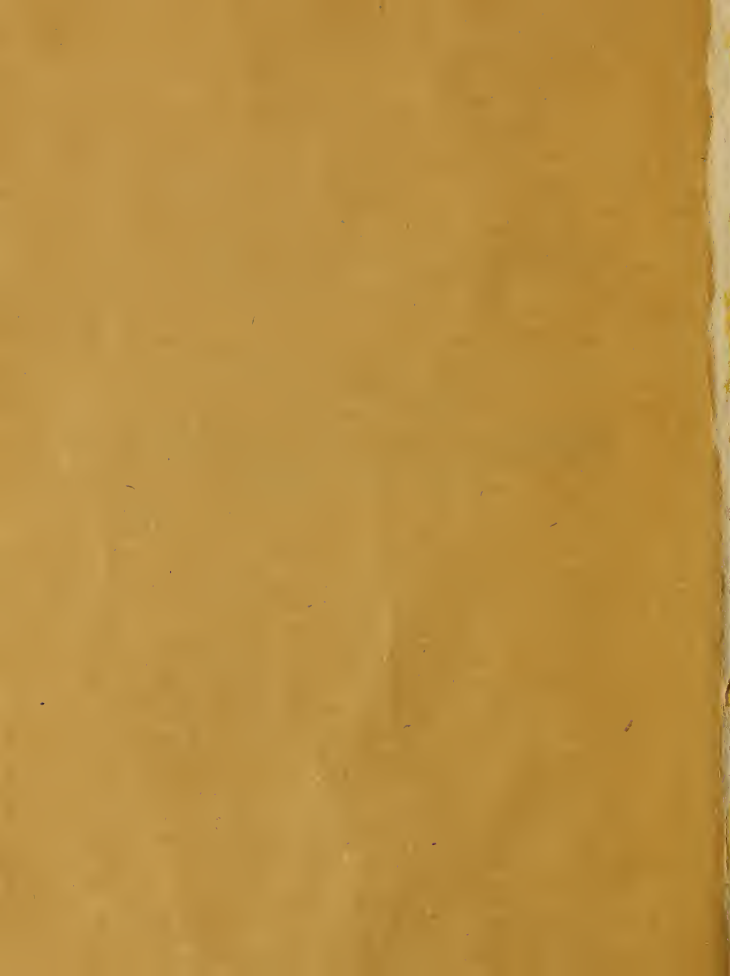


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SHAKESPEARE'S

LIFE OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH IN THE PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY  
EXETER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

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## PREFATORY NOTE

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry V* has been edited so many times that there is nothing novel to say about it. The task of any editor of the play nowadays must consist chiefly in sifting the materials accumulated by the labors of previous investigators. I wish, therefore, freely to acknowledge my general indebtedness to former editors and to the chief authorities on Shakespeare, and to express my special obligation to the edition of *Henry V* edited by Dr. W. J. Rolfe, and to that edited by Mr. G. C. Moore Smith.

In preparing this little volume I have tried constantly to keep before me the needs of secondary school boys and girls, and to put into introduction and notes the information that will help them to understand Shakespeare's place in literature, something of the man and his work, and to assist them to read and enjoy the play intelligently. I have omitted all discussion of verse and grammar because I believe it to be out of place in a school edition. With trifling exceptions the text is that of the *Globe edition*, and in the references to other plays

of Shakespeare, the line numbering of that edition has been followed.

Teachers should be glad that *Henry V* has been placed among the college requirements. It is a wholesome, vigorous play, with a strong appeal to the manly instincts, and King Henry is a hero whom every rightly constituted boy and girl can respect and admire.

RALPH HARTT BOWLES.

THE PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY,  
EXETER, N.H., July, 1905.

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# INTRODUCTION

## I. THE ENGLISH DRAMA

SHAKESPEARE occupies so unique a place in the minds and hearts of the English-speaking peoples that we are apt to think of him as a solitary genius, whose appearance in the world of letters was sudden and astonishing, and whose extraordinary work owes nothing either to earlier or to contemporary influences. Such a view is, of course, erroneous. The laws of cause and effect hold as rigidly true in the world of thought as in the domain of physical science. Great writers do not appear sporadically, owing nothing to previous workers in their field, nor are they uninfluenced by the period in which they live. On the contrary, their ripened genius owes its development to the labors of many predecessors, and in them the various tendencies of the times seem to be crystallized into final form. This is emphatically true of Shakespeare. He was not in any sense a pioneer. He did not invent the English drama. He merely took it as he found it, modi-

fied it through an apprenticeship as actor and playwright, and ended by making it the greatest drama the world has ever seen. It is equally true that Shakespeare was the product of his age, an Elizabethan, in whom the chief influences of the time found more or less complete expression. A brief review of the development of the English drama will help us to understand more clearly his work and the place he occupies in literature.

The English drama, like the Greek drama, had its origin in religious ceremonial. In order to make the Bible stories more real to their unlettered congregations, the monks frequently added to the regular service, on festival days, tableaux representing scenes from the Scriptures. These representations, often accompanied by songs and responses, must have greatly impressed the imaginations of the simple peasants. From such ceremonies it was an easy step to simple liturgical plays, written in Latin and acted by priests. When dealing with Scriptural stories these were called Mysteries, and when treating episodes in the lives of saints, they were known as Miracles. After a time these plays came to be written in the vernacular. The next step was to move them from the churches into the churchyards, and later into the meadows and open market-places. This secularization of the drama brought about a change in the character



of the performers. The priests, who had at first been the only actors, were now forbidden to take part in these plays; and by the end of the thirteenth century dramatic representations were almost entirely in the hands of the trades guilds. The feast of Corpus Christi, on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday, came to be especially set apart for these representations. They were usually given in the form of a cycle of plays which the various guilds shared in producing, and some attempt was made to have these assignments appropriate. For example, we find that in the case of the York plays the shipwrights were chosen to produce the pageant representing the building of the ark, and the bakers that representing the Last Supper. The manner in which these rude dramas were produced is described by Archdeacon Rogers, who saw the Whitsun plays at Chester, in 1594: "Every company had his pagiant, w<sup>ch</sup> pagiante weare a high scaffold with 2 rowmes, a higher and a lower, upon 4 wheelles. In the lower they apparelled themselves, and in the higher rowme they played, beinge all open on the tope, that all behoulders might heare and see them. The places where they played them was in every streete. They began first at the Abay gates, and when the first pagiante was played, it was wheeled to the highe crosse before the Mayor, and so to every streete, and soe every

streete had a pagiante playing before them at one time, till all the pagiantes for the daye appointed weare played, and when one pagiant was neere ended, worde was broughte from streete to streete, that soe they might come in place thereof, exceedinge orderly, and all the streetes have their pagiants afore them all at one time playeing together."

The next step in the development of the drama was the Morality, a play in which the chief characters represented abstractions, such as Fellowship, Kindred, Knowledge, and Discretion. The object of these plays was frankly didactic. They seem for the most part dull enough to our modern tastes, but their symbolism must have appealed strongly to their mediæval audiences. The Moralities were followed by the Moral Interludes, briefer and less elaborate compositions. Both these forms of the drama are especially important because they represent a breaking away from Scriptural subjects, thus leaving the playwright free to exert his powers of invention. One of the chief characters in these plays was the Vice, who appeared under various names, such as Iniquity, Hypocrisy, Fraud, and Shift. His business was to furnish fun for the spectators, generally at the expense of the Devil, another stock character. He is undoubtedly the prototype of the jester or fool of

Elizabethan comedy, who was so highly developed by Shakespeare.

Though the Miracles and the Moralities continued to be presented until Shakespeare's time, they had become a survival of mediæval ideas and tastes, and were soon to be supplanted by the drama of the Renaissance. The early English plays had been largely the product of homely English talent; but the later drama of the Renaissance falls into two distinct classes: first, that which owes its origin chiefly to classical influence; and, secondly, a species of drama which, like the older Miracles and Moralities, has the native English flavor.

As far back as the fourteenth century, Chaucer had felt something of the spirit of the Renaissance which was beginning to stir Italy, but during the next two centuries this influence exerted itself more strongly. English scholars, following the example of the Italians, turned with eager interest to the study of the classics, and English writers began to follow classical models. Plautus and Terence were imitated by the writers of English comedy, and Seneca by the writers of tragedy. In 1550 appeared *Ralph Roister Doister*, founded upon the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus. This was followed during the next forty years by other comedies based on Latin plays. Tragedy was represented by *Gorbodoc*,

which appeared in 1562. This was directly imitated from Seneca. These plays were written by scholars who felt the influence of the Renaissance movement, and, though they have a significant place in the development of English dramatic literature, are less important than a humbler kind of drama which was flourishing at the same time. These plays, like the Miracles and Moralities, sprang from the native taste of the people. They were not written by scholars to be played by learned societies, but by practical actors and playwrights, to be given in inn yards or rude theatres before mixed audiences. They were the result of the demands of the popular taste, and they were written to please it. How they impressed the scholarly writers of the time, who believed in following classical tradition, we may see from the criticism of Sir Philip Sidney, who in his *Defence of Poesy*, in 1553, says: "Our tragedies and comedies are cried out against, observing rules neither of honest civility nor skilful poetry. Where the stage should always represent but one place; and the uttermost time presupposed in it, should be, both by Aristotle's precept and common reason, but one day: there is both many days, and many places, inartificially imagined. You shall have Asia on the one side and Afric of the other, and so many other under kingdoms, that the player, when he comes in,

must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now shall you have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and bye, we hear news of shipwreck in the same place; then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the meantime, two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?" He also objects that these plays further violate dramatic unity by mingling comic with serious elements, "they be neither right tragedies nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns."

But in spite of Sidney's ridicule, and the efforts of scholars to fasten on the English stage the restrictions of the Roman drama, English taste prevailed, and Elizabethan dramatic literature escaped the fate to which the French drama succumbed. Fortunately a writer of real genius appeared, who decided definitely the course of the English drama. This was Christopher Marlowe, the son of a shoemaker, a university graduate, a dissolute rake, who was killed in a tavern brawl before he was thirty years old. In *Tamburlaine the Great*, which was produced

on the stage in 1587, Marlowe attempted to reform both the subject-matter and the language of the drama. On the one hand, he aimed at dealing with serious subjects in a serious way, or, to quote the prologue to *Tamburlaine*:

“From jiggling veins of rhyming mother-wits,  
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,  
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,  
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine,  
Threatening the world with high-astounding terms,  
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword.”

On the other hand, he rejected the rhyming couplet which had been used in the English popular drama, and boldly adopted the blank verse of the classical school. By these two changes, Marlowe at once lifted the English drama upon a higher plane, and, in spite of criticism, so won the interest of the public that his example was sooner or later followed by all the other playwrights. Much of his success was doubtless due to the character of *Tamburlaine*, the would-be world conqueror, whose ambitions appealed strongly to the proud and aspiring Englishmen of the reign of Elizabeth. It was, in fact, a happy combination of circumstances that enabled Marlowe by a single play thus to determine the character of the English drama. Once determined, the development was

extraordinarily rapid. Marlowe's influence especially affected Greene, who at the appearance of *Tamburlaine* was a playwright of some reputation. Though he at first ridiculed the younger dramatist, he was quick to recognize his genius and to appreciate his points of superiority. In fact, he modified his own methods in accordance with Marlowe's ideas. Greene, like his younger contemporary, died before his powers were fully matured, but he exerted an important influence. There were other dramatists contemporary with Marlowe and Greene, chief of whom were Kyd, Lyly, and Peele, who contributed something to the building up of the splendid drama as it finally appeared in the hands of Shakespeare. Kyd's work was passionate and bloody. His plots were well constructed, but his morality was crude. Lyly's work was written for the court, and appealed chiefly to cultivated minds. It was graceful and ingenious, but full of affectations. His influence was considerable, however, and is apparent in some of Shakespeare's earlier plays. Peele was a popular and graceful playwright, but not in any sense a leader. It was while these men were all actively following their professions, that a young man appeared in London who was in a few years to surpass them all. This was William Shakespeare.

## II. SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE AND WORK

In spite of the unique position Shakespeare has so long held in English literature, our knowledge of him is still very meagre. He was born in Stratford-on-Avon, a dignified and attractive old town in Warwickshire, and baptized April 26, 1564. As children were usually baptized three days after they were born, April 23 has come to be generally accepted as the date of his birth. His father, John Shakespeare, was, as we know from authentic records, a well-to-do citizen, who was engaged at various times in making gloves, and in trading in wool, meat, leather, and various other commodities. His mother was Mary Arden, the daughter of a wealthy farmer in the neighboring village of Wilmecote, who brought her husband, as dowry, an estate known as Ashbies, consisting of a house and about sixty acres of land, and the reversion of part of an estate at Snitterfield. For some years after his marriage John Shakespeare seems to have prospered, for he held successively various town offices, and finally became bailiff, the highest municipal dignity to which he could attain. So prosperous a man must have sent his son William to the town grammar school, which boys who had learned to read



usually entered at the age of seven. From contemporary records we can tell pretty nearly what Shakespeare's course of study here must have been. His first year he probably began Latin grammar, and the second year studied in addition some manual of short Latin phrases, such as the *Sententiae Pueriles*. His third year he would take up Cato's Maxims and Æsop's Fables; his fourth year, Ovid, Cicero, and the mediæval pastoral poet Mantuanus; and in his fifth and sixth years he would read parts of Virgil, Horace, Terence, Plautus, and the Satirists. From various references in his plays, it seems safe to conclude that Shakespeare remained in the school at least four years. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, the schoolmaster, Holofernes, uses scraps of Latin which seem to be extracts from Lyly's Latin Grammar or from the *Sententiae Pueriles*; and in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, the curate, Sir Hugh Evans, puts William Page through a drill in Latin grammar that must have been a reminiscence of the dramatist's school days. Furthermore, certain passages in *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* show an undoubted indebtedness to Ovid. Greek was not included in the grammar school curriculum, and it is doubtful whether Shakespeare had any acquaintance with that language.

Shakespeare's early boyhood was probably happy. Stratford lay in the midst of an attractive farming country, and must have afforded to a boy of his tastes many opportunities of observing nature, the habits of animals, and the customs of the country people. Then, too, as the son of one of the foremost citizens of the town, he probably enjoyed some exceptional advantages. Troupes of itinerant actors occasionally visited Stratford, and the boy may have witnessed some of their performances. It is quite possible, also, that he was taken to Coventry, which is not far away, to see the pageants represented by the trades guilds on the festival of Corpus Christi. That he had seen these pageants seems likely from his allusions in *Hamlet* to Herod, who was a stock character in the Miracle plays, and in *Henry V* to the "black soul burning in hell-fire," to whom the flea on Bardolph's red nose is compared. These "black souls" were, like Herod, familiar figures in the mediæval drama. Nor is it unlikely that John Shakespeare took his son to Kenilworth, to witness the spectacles presented during Queen Elizabeth's visit to Leicester, in 1575. But in 1577, when the boy was thirteen years old, a change for the worse took place in his father's affairs. We find that he is unable to pay his share as a councillor "toward the furniture of three pikemen,

two billmen, and one archer," and to contribute fourpence to the support of the poor. To raise money he was obliged to sell his own and his wife's interest in the Snitterfield property, and to mortgage the Ashbies estate. His ill-fortune evidently continued, for his taxes for the year 1579 were unpaid; and a few years later a writ was issued for the seizure of his goods on account of debt. Tradition tells us that owing to these financial difficulties Shakespeare was withdrawn from school. According to one account he was set to work at his father's business; according to another, he was apprenticed to a butcher. The familiarity with law terms which he shows in some of his plays has given grounds for the theory that he studied in a lawyer's office; but this is mere conjecture. The next thing that we know definitely about him is that in 1582 he was married to Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer of Shottery, a village about a mile from Stratford. As Shakespeare was at this time only eighteen years old, and his bride some seven or eight years older, the match seems rather ill-assorted; and references in several of his plays justify the inference that it was not altogether happy. Less than a year after the marriage a daughter, Susanna, was born, and two years later, twins, a son and a daughter, who were christened Hamnet and Judith. Soon

afterward Shakespeare left Stratford. It is possible that his domestic responsibilities made him feel the necessity of seeking a wider field of labor, but there is good evidence for believing that he had other reasons for going away. Tradition says that the cause of his departure was prosecution for stealing deer from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, an influential landholder in the neighborhood, and this story seems to be supported by the passage in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in which Justice Shallow is held up to ridicule. Shallow, who is there represented as having come up to London to bring suit against poachers, pompously refers to his importance as a magistrate and his ancient descent, and alludes to the "luces," or pikes, in his coat-of-arms. The Welsh parson, misunderstanding the word, says that "the dozen white louses do become an old coat well." The fact that in 1585 Lucy introduced a bill into Parliament for the better preservation of game is further evidence that in this scene Shakespeare was taking advantage of an opportunity to pay off an old score.

It was in 1586 or 1587 that Shakespeare left Stratford for London, possibly with the company of actors known as Lord Leicester's Servants, who visited the town in the latter year. At this time there were two permanent theatres in the city, where dramatic representations were

given by regularly licensed companies. These were The Theatre, which had been built in 1576, in Shoreditch, just outside the city limits, and The Curtain, constructed a little later, in the same neighborhood. According to one tradition, Shakespeare found employment by holding the horses of young gentlemen during the performances at one of these theatres. Another story, equally doubtful, says that he served as prompter's attendant.

The popularity of the theatres was at this time rapidly increasing, and the next few years saw the erection of several new ones. These playhouses were roughly constructed, circular buildings of wood, and except for covered galleries which ran round the house, were open to the sky. For a penny or so the common people gained admission to the pit, where they stood up to see the performance. A small additional fee admitted to the gallery, where there were seats. Gentlemen of rank could witness the play from chairs on the stage, where they could show off their clothes, and crack jokes at the expense of spectators and actors. The stage, which consisted of a platform supported on posts three or four feet high, projected into the pit or main body of the theatre. At the rear was the "tiring house," with doors through which the actors appeared before the audience. Above was a balcony which served variously for musicians,

actors, or distinguished visitors. A trumpet was sounded at the beginning of the play, and a flag bearing the sign of the theatre was hoisted from the roof. There was nothing in the Elizabethan theatre that could be called scenery, so that the audience were expected to use their imaginations freely. Numerous contemporary allusions refer to the inadequacy of the stage. Sir Philip Sidney's strictures have already been quoted. The Prologue of *Henry V* contains an apology for the stage limitations of the time:—

“ But pardon, gentles all,

The flat unraised spirits that have dared  
 On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth  
 So great an object : can this cockpit hold  
 The vasty fields of France ? or may we cram  
 Within this wooden O the very casques  
 That did affright the air of Agincourt ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Suppose within the girdle of these walls  
 Are now confined two mighty monarchies,  
 Whose high upreared and abutting fronts  
 The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder :  
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts ;  
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
 And make imaginary puissance ;  
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them  
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth ;

For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,  
Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times,  
Turning the accomplishment of many years  
Into an hour-glass."

Simple properties, such as articles of household furniture, trees, rocks, etc., were often introduced, and sometimes placards were hung up bearing the name of the place where the action was supposed to occur. This absence of scenery doubtless had an important influence on the Elizabethan drama. The playwright naturally was tempted to indulge in florid descriptions to assist the imaginations of the spectators, and he was free to change the scenes of his plays as often as he wished, without having to consider the difficulty of scene shifting or the arranging of stage properties, which is so important a matter nowadays. Costuming was almost as simple, and no attempt was made to preserve historical accuracy in dress. Women's parts were taken by boys whose voices had not yet changed. Performances generally began at three o'clock in the afternoon, though in the smaller so-called private theatres they sometimes took place by candle-light. The players grouped themselves into companies under the patronage of some influential nobleman. There were The Lord Leicester's Players, The Lord Chamberlain's Men, The Queen's

Players, etc. It is certain that however Shakespeare may have been first employed in London, he early associated himself with one of the companies of players then acting there, and soon became well known both as actor and playwright.

The first authentic mention of him appeared in 1592, in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*, a pamphlet published immediately after Greene's death, by his executor, Henry Chettle. In this publication, which was a death-bed production of the jealous dramatist, Greene warns several of his friends against trusting players, and says, "Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his tyger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a country." That such criticism was prejudiced is evident from a statement which appeared a few months later in a pamphlet by Chettle entitled *Kind-Harts Dream*. The author here apologizes for Greene's language in words which show that Shakespeare, in the course of the five or six years of his London residence, had become recognized as an actor and a playwright of ability. He says: "The other [Shakespeare] whome at that time



I did not so much spare as since I wish I had . . . I am as sory as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because my selfe have seene his demeanor no lesse civill, than he exelent in the qualitie he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightnes of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writting, that aprooves his art."

We know that by 1594 Shakespeare belonged to the company of actors called The Lord Chamberlain's Servants, the best company in London. Little is known of his career as an actor, but it must have been a distinguished one, for it brought him a large income. There is a tradition that he played the part of the Ghost in *Hamlet*, and it is certain that he acted in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, and in *Sejanus*. In 1593 Shakespeare had tried his hand at narrative poetry and written *Venus and Adonis*. This was very popular, and gave him a reputation as a man of letters, a distinction which he probably valued highly. The following year the appearance of *Lucrece*, a poem of the same sort, further added to his reputation. Shakespeare's success as actor, playwright, and poet, and his increasing income seem to have stimulated his ambition to found a family and to return to Stratford to live as a man of property. In 1596, doubtless at his son's instigation, John Shakespeare applied

for a coat-of-arms, and the following year the grant was made by the king-at-arms. The poet's ambition must have been bitterly disappointed, therefore, at the death of his only son Hamnet, in 1596; but he continued his plans, and in the following year bought for £60, New Place, the most considerable house in Stratford. This purchase was followed during the next ten years by other investments which show that Shakespeare saved his money, and adhered to his purpose of making himself a man of weight and property in his native town. In 1598 we have further testimony to the position he occupied as a dramatist and narrative and lyric poet, in the *Palladis Tamia, Wit's Treasury*, by Francis Meres. In this work the author says: "As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespere, witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred sonnets among his private friends. . . . As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespere among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage." He also enumerates twelve of Shakespeare's plays. The printing of several of his plays about this time bears witness to the popularity of the poet; and another bit of evidence of the same kind was the publication in 1599 of

a volume of poems entitled *The Passionate Pilgrim*, under the ascribed authorship of Shakespeare. The only work of his which the book contained, however, was a few extracts from *Love's Labour's Lost* and several sonnets. In 1601 John Shakespeare died, having lived to see his son reach a position of dignity and honor as an actor and playwright, and as a substantial man of means. In 1607 Shakespeare's eldest daughter, Susanna, was married to John Hall, a successful physician of Stratford; and later in the same year his younger brother Edmund, also an actor, died. The following year the death of Shakespeare's mother took place.

There is reason to believe that the great dramatist returned to his native town to live about 1610. Though he no longer appeared on the stage he continued to write plays, and he retained some business connections with London. He still had a share in the profits of the Globe Theatre, and owned a house near the Blackfriars Theatre which he rented. Early in 1616 Shakespeare's youngest daughter, Judith, was married to Thomas Quiney, a vintner of Stratford, and about two months later, on April 23, the great poet died. Tradition says that his death was the result of a fever brought on by a merry-making with Jonson and Drayton; but in view of the unwholesome sanitary conditions in Stratford and other

English towns of that period, we need not take the story very seriously. Two days later the great dramatist was buried in the chancel of the ancient parish church of Stratford; and over the grave was placed a flat stone bearing the following inscription:—

“ Good friend, for Jesus’ sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here ;  
Blest be the man that spares these stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones.”

It is impossible to fix positively the dates of many of Shakespeare’s plays. Most of those which were printed during his lifetime appeared without his sanction, and were taken from notes hastily jotted down by some publisher’s reporter during a performance, or struck off from an actor’s copy. The first collection of his plays was the so-called folio of 1623, a volume edited by his friends and fellow-actors, John Heminge and Henry Condell. This contained all the dramatic works now ascribed to Shakespeare except *Pericles*; but, though professing to be printed from the dramatist’s own manuscript, the text is in many cases badly mangled. That now generally accepted as the standard is based partly on the first folio and partly on the various quartos which had previously appeared. But although the dates of the plays cannot in most cases be fixed with absolute certainty, scholars

agree approximately on their order and time of composition. Both external and internal evidence exist to assist us in deciding these matters. The publication of poems and plays, entries in the registers of the Stationers' Company, specific mention of Shakespeare's writings in contemporary books or documents of known date, allusions to plays or quotations from them, are some of the chief sources of external evidence. Internal evidence is less reliable. It is clear, however, that Shakespeare's intellectual powers matured and that his style developed during the period of his authorship. In his early plays the language is often affected; he shows a fondness for puns and other verbal conceits which were at the time fashionable, and his diction often seems inflated. Moreover, the arrangement of his plots and the grouping of his characters are frequently artificial. His later work shows an improvement in these respects. He gains in power of characterization; his insight into human life grows deeper; his sympathies seem broader; his imagination becomes more powerful and better sustained. Furthermore, the character of his verse underwent corresponding modifications. His earlier dramas contain a great deal of rhyme, and the pauses in the verse usually come at the end of the line. In the later plays rhyme is used less and less, and the number of "end-stopt" lines are less

frequent. The poet acquires an ease which enables him to mould his line so as to express his thought with untrammelled freedom. The later plays also contain a larger proportion of weak line endings, that is, endings consisting of unimportant monosyllables, and fewer feminine endings, or double syllables, at the end of the line. All these changes are such as should be expected in the normal development of the dramatist's mind and the perfecting of his art. Some critics have divided Shakespeare's life into certain well-defined periods, according to the character of his work; and Mr. Dowden believes that he can detect distinct stages not only in the progress of the poet's art, but in his intellectual and moral growth. He even goes so far as to apply to the four periods into which he divides Shakespeare's life the fanciful names: "In the workshop," "In the world," "Out of the depths," and "On the heights." This is arbitrary and far-fetched, however, and is quite as likely to be wrong as right. The safest course is to admit frankly that we know almost nothing about the inner life of the great dramatist. The following table represents the generally accepted order of Shakespeare's dramatic works and the dates of their composition:—

	COMEDIES	HISTORIES	TRAGEDIES
1588-90			Titus Andronicus
1590-93	{ Love's Labour's Lost Comedy of Errors Two Gentlemen of Verona }	Henry VI, Parts I, II, III	
1593-96	{ Midsummer Night's Dream Merchant of Venice }	Richard III Richard II King John	Romeo and Juliet
1596-98	{ Taming of the Shrew Merry Wives of Windsor }	Henry IV, Parts I, II Henry V	
1599-1601	{ As You Like It Twelfth Night All's Well that Ends Well }		Julius Cæsar Hamlet Othello Lear Macbeth
1602	Troilus and Cressida		{ Antony and Cleopatra Coriolanus Timon of Athens }
1603-04	Measure for Measure		
1605			
1606			
1607-08	Pericles		
1609-11	{ Cymbeline Tempest Winter's Tale }	Henry VIII	
1612-13			

## III. THE LIFE OF KING HENRY V

The date of *Henry V* is pretty definitely fixed. As it is not among the twelve plays mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, which appeared in 1598, and as a printed quarto of the play was published in 1600, it seems safe to conclude that it was written between those dates. The time of composition seems further defined by lines 30–35 in the Prologue of Act V:—

“ Were now the general of our gracious empresse,  
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,  
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,  
How many would the peaceful city quit,  
To welcome him ! much more, and much more cause,  
Did they this Harry.”

The allusion here is to the Earl of Essex, who left London, March 27, 1599, to quell an uprising in Ireland, and returned September 28, the same year. There is little reason to doubt, therefore, that the play was written in the early part of 1599. In its present form the text is from the folio of 1623. Quarto editions appeared in 1600, 1602, and 1608; the latter two imprints being with trifling differences merely versions of the first quarto. These quartos contain less than half as many lines as the folio text, and are probably abridgments for stage



purposes. A play on the same subject, entitled *The famous victories of Henrÿ the Fyft, conteyninge the honorable battell of Agincourt*, had been acted more than ten years previous, but Shakespeare seems to have made little use of it. He drew his material almost entirely from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, and in many of his scenes followed his original with great closeness. Professor Barrett Wendell, in his suggestive book on Shakespeare, has called attention to the skill with which the dramatist has transmuted the lifeless prose of the *Chronicle* into the "vigorously sounding rhetoric" of the play. Holinshed writes: "Hugh Capet, who usurped the crowne upon Charles duke of Lorraine, the sole heir male of the line and stock of Charles the Great." Shakespeare's rendering of these lines in Act I, Scene 2, 69-71, is as follows:—

" Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown  
Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male  
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great."

The dramatist does not hesitate to desert his authorities, however, whenever he feels it to be necessary. In Act I, Scene 2, for example, he represents the speech of the Archbishop as being made to the king himself, though Holinshed asserts that it was delivered in Parliament. Again, he represents Bedford, Westmoreland, and War-

wick as present at Agincourt, though, according to the *Chronicle*, they were not. These slight divergences from fact do not impair the essential truth of the drama as a picture of the times, and they enable the poet to gain in dramatic effect. On the other hand, the comic portions of *Henry V* are of Shakespeare's invention. Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, the Hostess, and the Boy do not belong to the world of Holinshed at all, but carry us back to the vivid scenes of *Henry IV*. The genius of the dramatist likewise cuts loose from his authority in Act II, Scene 2, where the king unmasks the conspirators. The main facts are found in Holinshed, but they are so expanded, so skilfully manipulated, by Shakespeare that the scene is practically the product of his own invention. The scene describing the wooing of Katharine owes nothing to the *Chronicle*.

*Henry V* differs from Shakespeare's other historical plays in that it is not so fully rounded. It contains little or no dramatic development, but is rather a succession of loosely linked scenes. The king overshadows all the other characters. It is evident that the dramatist is chiefly interested in him, and is holding him up to his audience as a model of knightly honor and kingly dignity, with the deliberate object of stirring their patriotism. This view is supported by the way the difference between

the English and the French armies is emphasized. The night before the battle —

“The confident and over-lusty French  
Do the low-rated English play at dice ;  
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night  
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp  
So tediously away.”

On the other hand we are told that —

“The poor condemned English  
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
Sit patiently and inly ruminate  
The morning’s danger, and their gesture sad  
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats  
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon  
So many horrid ghosts.”

The Dauphin, the Constable, and Orleans while away the early morning hours with vapid chaffing and arrogant boasting. The Dauphin says: —

“I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.”

Later in the same scene we have the following dialogue: —

“*Orleans.* What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge !

*Constable.* If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

*Orleans.* That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces."

In striking contrast to all this is the picture of the English with —

“The royal captain of this ruin'd band  
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,

\* \* \* \* \*

For forth he goes and visits all his host,  
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile  
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.  
Upon his royal face there is no note  
How dread an army hath enrounded him;  
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour  
Unto the weary and all-watched night,  
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint  
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;  
That every wretch, pining and pale before,  
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:  
A largess universal like the sun  
His liberal eye doth give to every one,  
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all  
Behold, as may unworthiness define,  
A little touch of Harry in the night.”

This double feature of *Henry V*, namely, the focussing of attention on the king and the contrasting of the opposed

armies to the disparagement of the French, is very striking. One cannot help feeling that Shakespeare's object in writing the play was not so much the developing of a well-knit historical drama as the stimulating of patriotism by the glorification of a national hero in King Henry V, and in rousing national pride generally by a contrast between British character, with its seriousness, its simple honesty, courage, vigor, and patriotism, on the one hand, and French conceit, arrogance, and instability on the other. In Englishmen of 1599, whose recollections of the Spanish Armada were still vivid, and whose pride in the power of British arms and in the enterprise of British seamen was great, Englishmen of the period of Raleigh, Drake, and Frobisher, such a stage representation must have roused immense enthusiasm. Looked at in this way, *Henry V* has a new significance. Though it is a poor play, it is a splendid spectacle. Though it is a loosely jointed drama, it is a stirring epic. The subject is England's greatness and the greatness of England's king. For hortatory rhetoric nothing in dramatic literature has ever equalled Henry's first speech before Harfleur; for a restrained yet vivid picture of the horrors of war nothing has ever surpassed his address to the governor; and the manly dignity of his replies to the herald, and the combined humility and nobility of his soliloquy

in the camp, represent the poet at his best. A well-known critic has called *Henry V* "the dull play of a great artist." Probably few will agree with this judgment, for though the play has obvious faults, the impression that it leaves on most of those who read it and on those who see it on the stage is that of a splendid and blood-quickenning spectacle.

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SHAKESPEARE'S HENRY V

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY *the Fifth.*

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } *brothers to the King.*  
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }

DUKE OF EXETER, *uncle to the King.*

DUKE OF YORK, *cousin to the King.*

EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

BISHOP OF ELY.

EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.

LORD SCROOP.

SIR THOMAS GREY.

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY,  
*officers in King Henry's army.*

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *soldiers in the same.*

PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.

Boy.

A Herald.

CHARLES *the Sixth, King of France.*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.

The Constable of France.

RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ, *French Lords.*

Governor of Harfleur.

MONTJOY, *a French Herald.*

Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, *Queen of France.*

KATHARINE, *daughter to Charles and Isabel.*

ALICE, *a lady attending on her.*

Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Quickly, and  
now married to Pistol.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE : *England ; afterwards France.*

# THE LIFE OF KING HENRY V



## PROLOGUE.

*Enter* CHORUS.

*Chor.* O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention,  
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,  
And monarchs to behold the swelling° scene!  
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself, 5  
Assume the port° of Mars; and at his heels,  
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire  
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,  
The flat unraised sp̄irits° that have dared  
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth 10  
So great an object: can this cockpit° hold  
The vasty° fields of France? or may we cram  
Within this wooden O° the very casques  
That did affright the air at Agincourt?  
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may 15

Attest° in little place a million ;  
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,°  
On your imaginary° forces work.  
Suppose within the girdle of these walls  
Are now confined two mighty monarchies, 20  
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts  
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.  
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts ;  
Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
And make imaginary puissance° ; 25  
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them  
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth ;  
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,  
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,  
Turning the accomplishment of many years 30  
Into an hour-glass° : for the which supply,  
Admit me Chorus to this history ;  
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,  
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [Exit.



And to the coffers of the king beside,  
A thousand pounds by the year: thus runs the bill.

*Ely.* This would drink deep.

*Cant.* 'Twould drink the cup and all. 20

*Ely.* But what prevention?

*Cant.* The king is full of grace and fair regard.°

*Ely.* And a true lover of the holy church.

*Cant.* The courses of his youth promised it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body, 25

But that his wildness, mortified° in him,

Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,

Consideration° like an angel came

And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,

Leaving his body as a paradise, 30

To envelope and contain celestial spirits.

Never was such a sudden scholar made;

Never came reformation in a flood,

With such a heady curraunce,° scouring faults;

Nor never° Hydra-headed° wilfulness 35

So soon did lose his° seat, and all at once,°

As in this king.

*Ely.* We are blessed in the change.

*Cant.* Hear him but reason in divinity,°

And, all-admiring, with an inward wish

You would desire the king were made a prelate: 40

Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,°  
You would say it hath been all in all his study :  
List° his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
A fearful battle render'd you in music :  
Turn him to any cause of policy,° 45  
The Gordian knot° of it he will unloose,  
Familiar° as his garter : that,° when he speaks,  
The air, a charter'd libertine,° is still,  
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences ; 50  
So that the art and practic° part of life  
Must be the mistress to this theoric° :  
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,  
Since his addiction was to courses vain,  
His companies° unletter'd, rude and shallow, 55  
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,  
And never noted° in him any study,  
Any retirement, any sequestration  
From open haunts and popularity.°

*Ely.* The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,  
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best 61  
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :  
And so the prince obscured his contemplation  
Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,  
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night, 65

Unseen, yet crecive in his faculty.°

*Cant.* It must be so; for miracles are ceased;  
And therefore we must needs admit the means  
How things are perfected.

*Ely.* But, my good lord,  
How now for mitigation of this bill 70  
Urged by the commons? Doth his majesty  
Incline to it, or no?

*Cant.* He seems indifferent,  
Or rather swaying more upon our part°  
Than cherishing the exhibitors° against us;  
For I have made an offer to his majesty, 75  
Upon° our spiritual convocation  
And in regard of causes° now in hand,  
Which I have open'd° to his grace at large,  
As touching France, to give a greater sum  
Than ever at one time the clergy yet 80  
Did to his predecessors part withal.

*Ely.* How did this offer seem received, my lord?

*Cant.* With good acceptance of his majesty;  
Save that there was not time enough to hear,  
As I perceived his grace would fain have done, 85  
The severals and unhidden passages°  
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,  
And generally to the crown and seat° of France,



Derived from Edward, his great-grandfather.

*Ely.* What was the impediment that broke this  
off? 90

*Cant.* The French ambassador upon that instant  
Craved audience; and the hour, I think, is come  
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

*Ely.* It is.

*Cant.* Then go we in, to know his embassy; 95  
Which I could with a ready guess declare,  
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

*Ely.* I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The same. The Presence chamber.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER,  
WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and *Attendants.*

*K. Hen.* Where is my gracious Lord of Canter-  
bury?

*Exe.* Not here in presence.

*K. Hen.* Send for him, good uncle.°

*West.* Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

*K. Hen.* Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolved,<sup>o</sup>

Before we hear him, of some things of weight 5  
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the  
BISHOP OF ELY.*

*Cant.* God and his angels guard your sacred throne,  
And make you long become it!

*K. Hen.* Sure, we thank you.  
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed  
And justly and religiously<sup>o</sup> unfold 10  
Why the law Salique<sup>o</sup> that they have in France  
Or<sup>o</sup> should, or should not, bar us in our claim:  
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,  
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,<sup>o</sup>  
Or nicely charge<sup>o</sup> your understanding soul 15  
With opening titles miscreate,<sup>o</sup> whose right  
Suits not in native colours with the truth;  
For God doth know how many now in health  
Shall drop their blood in approbation<sup>o</sup>  
Of what your reverence shall incite us to. 20  
Therefore take heed how you impawn<sup>o</sup> our person,  
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:  
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;

For never two such kingdoms did contend  
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops  
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint 26  
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords  
That make such waste in brief mortality.°  
Under this conjuration speak, my lord;  
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart 30  
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd  
As pure as sin with baptism.

*Cant.* Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you  
peers,  
That owe yourselves, your lives and services  
To this imperial throne. There is no bar 35  
To make against your highness' claim to France  
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,°  
'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant:°  
'No woman shall succeed in Salique land:°  
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze° 40  
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond  
The founder of this law and female bar.°  
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm  
That the land Salique is in Germany,  
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe; 45  
Where Charles the Great,° having subdued the Sax-  
ons,

There left behind and settled certain French ;  
Who, holding in disdain the German women  
For some dishonest manners of their life,  
Establish'd then this law ; to wit, no female 50  
Should be inheritrix in Salique land :  
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,  
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.  
Then doth it well appear the Salique law  
Was not devised for the realm of France ; 55  
Nor did the French possess the Salique land  
Until four hundred one and twenty years°  
After defunction° of King Pharamond,  
Idly° supposed the founder of this law,  
Who died within the year of our redemption 60  
Four hundred twenty-six ; and Charles the Great  
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French  
Beyond the river Sala, in the year  
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,  
King Pepin, which° deposed Childeric, 65  
Did, as heir general,° being descended  
Of° Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,  
Make claim and title to the crown of France.  
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown  
Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male 70  
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,

To fine<sup>o</sup> his title with some shows of truth,  
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,<sup>o</sup>  
Convey'd himself<sup>o</sup> as heir to the Lady Lingare,  
Daughter to Charlemain,<sup>o</sup> who was the son 75  
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son  
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,<sup>o</sup>  
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,  
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,  
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied 80  
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,  
Was lineal of<sup>o</sup> the Lady Ermengare,  
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorraine:  
By the which marriage the line of Charles the  
Great  
Was re-united to the crown of France. 85  
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,  
King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,  
King Lewis his<sup>o</sup> satisfaction, all appear  
To hold in right and title of the female.  
So do the kings of France unto this day; 90  
Howbeit<sup>o</sup> they would hold up this Salique law  
To bar your highness claiming from the female,  
And rather choose to hide them in a net  
Than amply to imbar<sup>o</sup> their crooked titles  
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors. 95

*K. Hen.* May I with right and conscience make  
this claim?

*Cant.* The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!  
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,  
When the man dies, let the inheritance  
Descend unto the daughter.° Gracious lord, 100  
'Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;  
Look back into your mighty ancestors:  
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's° tomb,  
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,  
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince, 105  
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,  
Making defeat on° the full power of France,  
Whiles° his most mighty father on a hill  
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp  
Forage in blood of French nobility. 110  
O noble English, that could entertain°  
With half their forces the full pride of France,  
And let another half stand laughing by,  
All out of work and cold for action°!

*Ely.* Awake remembrance of these valiant dead, 115  
And with your puissant arm renew their feats.  
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;  
The blood and courage that renowned them  
Runs° in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege



Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

*K. Hen.* We do not mean the coursing snatchers<sup>o</sup>  
only,

But fear the main intendment<sup>o</sup> of the Scot,  
Who hath been still<sup>o</sup> a giddy<sup>o</sup> neighbour to us; 145  
For you shall read that my great-grandfather  
Never went with his forces into France,  
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd<sup>o</sup> kingdom  
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,  
With ample and brim fulness<sup>o</sup> of his force, 150  
Galling<sup>o</sup> the gleaned<sup>o</sup> land with hot assays,<sup>o</sup>  
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;  
That<sup>o</sup> England, being empty of defence,  
Hath shook<sup>o</sup> and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.<sup>o</sup>

*Cant.* She hath been then more fear'd<sup>o</sup> than  
harm'd, my liege; 155  
For hear her but exampled<sup>o</sup> by herself;  
When all her chivalry hath been in France,  
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,  
She hath herself not only well defended,  
But taken and impounded as a stray<sup>o</sup> 160  
The King of Scots<sup>o</sup>; whom she did send to France,  
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,  
And make her chronicle as rich with praise,  
As is the ooze and bottom<sup>o</sup> of the sea



With sunken wreck and sunless treasuries.° 165

*West.* But there's a saying very old and true,

‘If that you will France win,

Then with Scotland first begin:’

For once the eagle England being in prey,°

To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot 170

Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs,

Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,

To tear and havoc° more than she can eat.

*Exe.* It follows then the cat must stay at home:

Yet that is but a crush'd° necessity, 175

Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,

And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.

While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,

The advised° head defends itself at home;

For government, though high and low and lower, 180

Put into parts,° doth keep in one consent,°

Congreeing in a full and natural close,°

Like music.

*Cant.* Therefore doth heaven divide

The state of man in° divers functions,

Setting endeavour in continual motion; 185

To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,°

Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,

Creatures that by a rule in nature teach

The act of order° to a peopled kingdom.

They have a king and officers of sorts°; 190

Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,

Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,

Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,

Make boot upon° the summer's velvet buds,

Which pillage they with merry march bring home

To the tent-royal of their emperor; 196

Who, busied in his majesty, surveys

The singing masons building roofs of gold,

The civil° citizens kneading up the honey,

The poor mechanic° porters crowding in 200

Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,

The sad-eyed° justice, with his surly hum,

Delivering o'er to executors° pale

The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,

That many things, having full reference 205

To one consent,° may work contrarily:

As many arrows, loosed several ways,

Come to one mark, as many ways meet in one town,

As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea,

As many lines close in the dial's° centre; 210

So may a thousand actions, once afoot,

End in one purpose, and be all well borne

Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.

Divide your happy England into four ;  
 Whereof take you one quarter into France, 215  
 And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.  
 If we, with thrice such powers° left at home,  
 Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,  
 Let us be worried and our nation lose  
 The name of hardiness and policy.° 220

*K. Hen.* Call in the messengers sent from the  
 Dauphin. [Exeunt some Attendants.

Now are we well resolved°; and, by God's help,  
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,  
 France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,  
 Or break it all to pieces: or there we'll sit, 225  
 Ruling in large and ample empery°  
 O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,  
 Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,°  
 Tombless, with no remembrance over them:  
 Either our history shall with full mouth 230  
 Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,  
 Like Turkish mute,° shall have a tongueless mouth,  
 Not worshipp'd° with a waxen° epitaph.

*Enter* AMBASSADORS of France.

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure  
 Of our fair cousin° Dauphin; for we hear 235

Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

*First Amb.* May 't please your majesty to give us  
leave

Freely to render what we have in charge;

Or shall we sparingly show you far off°

The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy? 240

*K. Hen.* We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;  
Unto whose grace° our passion is as subject  
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:  
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness  
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

*First Amb.* Thus, then, in few.° 245  
Your highness, lately sending into France,  
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right  
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the third.  
In answer of which claim, the prince our master  
Says that you savour too much of your youth, 250  
And bids you be advised° there's nought in France  
That can be with a nimble galliard° won;  
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.  
He therefore sends you, meeter° for your spirit,  
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of° this, 255  
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim  
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

*K. Hen.* What treasure, uncle?

*Exe.* Tennis-balls,° my liege.

*K. Hen.* We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant  
with us;

His present and your pains we thank you for. 260

When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,

We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set

Shall strike° his father's crown into the hazard.

Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler°

That all the courts of France will be disturb'd 265

With chaces.° And we understand him well,

How he comes o'er us° with our wilder days,

Not measuring what use we made of them.

We never valued this poor seat° of England,

And therefore, living hence,° did give ourself 270

To barbarous license; as 'tis ever common

That men are merriest when they are from home.

But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,

Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness°

When I do rouse me in my throne of France: 275

For that° I have laid by my majesty,

And plodded like a man for working days°;

But I will rise there with so full a glory

That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,

Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us. 280

And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his

Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones<sup>o</sup>; and his soul  
 Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance  
 That shall fly with them: for many a thousand  
 widows 284

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands,  
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;  
 And some are yet ungotten and unborn  
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.  
 But this lies all within the will of God,  
 To whom I do appeal; and in whose name 290  
 Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,  
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth  
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.

So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin  
 His jest will savour but of shallow wit, 295  
 When thousands weep more<sup>o</sup> than did laugh at it.  
 Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Ambassadors.]

*Exe.* This was a merry message.

*K. Hen.* We hope to make the sender blush at it.  
 Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour<sup>o</sup> 300  
 That may give furtherance to our expedition;  
 For we have now no thought in us but France,  
 Save those to God, that run before our business.  
 Therefore let our proportions<sup>o</sup> for these wars

Be soon collected, and all things thought upon 305  
 That may with reasonable swiftness add  
 More feathers to our wings<sup>o</sup>; for, God before,<sup>o</sup>  
 We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.  
 Therefore let every man now task his thought,  
 That this fair action may on foot be brought. 310  
 [*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

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## ACT SECOND. — PROLOGUE.

*Enter* CHORUS.

*Chor.* Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
 And silken dalliance<sup>o</sup> in the wardrobe lies;  
 Now thrive the armorers, and honour's thought  
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man.  
 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse, 5  
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,<sup>o</sup>  
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries.  
 For now sits Expectation<sup>o</sup> in the air,  
 And hides a sword from hilts unto the point  
 With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets, 10  
 Promised to Harry and his followers.

The French advised by good intelligence<sup>o</sup>  
 Of this most dreadful preparation,  
 Shake in their fear, and with pale policy<sup>o</sup>  
 Seek to divert the English purposes. 15

O England! model to thy inward greatness,  
 Like little body with a mighty heart,  
 What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,  
 Were all thy children kind<sup>o</sup> and natural!  
 But see thy fault<sup>o</sup>! France hath in thee found out  
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills 21  
 With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,  
 One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,  
 Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,  
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland, 25  
 Have, for the gilt<sup>o</sup> of France, — O guilt indeed! —  
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful<sup>o</sup> France; *most*  
 And by their hands this grace of kings<sup>o</sup> must die,  
 If hell and treason hold their promises,  
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton. 30  
 Linger your patience on, and we'll digest<sup>o</sup>  
 The abuse of distance,<sup>o</sup> force a play.<sup>o</sup> *have*  
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;  
 The king is set from London; and the scene  
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton; 35  
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:



And thence to France shall we convey you safe,  
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas  
To give you gentle pass°; for, if we may,  
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.      40  
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,  
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.      [*Exit.*

## SCENE I.

*London. A street.*

*Enter CORPORAL NYM and LIEUTENANT BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Well met, Corporal Nym.

*Nym.* Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

*Bard.* What, are Ancient° Pistol and you friends yet?  
*End of the scene*

*Nym.* For my part, I care not: I say little; but 5  
when time shall serve, there shall be smiles°; but  
that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will  
wink° and hold out mine iron°: it is a simple one;  
but what though? it will toast cheese,° and it will  
endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's 10  
an end.

*Bard.* I will bestow° a breakfast to make you friends ; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France° : let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

*Nym.* Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the 15 certain of it ; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may : that is my rest,° that is the rendezvous° of it.

*Bard.* It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly : and certainly she did you wrong ; for 20 you were troth-plight° to her.

*Nym.* I cannot tell° ; things must be as they may : men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time ; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may : though patience be a tired mare, 25 yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

*Enter* PISTOL *and* HOSTESS.

*Bard.* Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife : good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol !

*Pist.* Base tike,° call'st thou me host ?  
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term ;  
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

*Host.* No, by my troth, not long ; for we cannot

lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that 35  
live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will  
be thought we keep a bawdy house straight. [*Nym*  
*and Pistol draw.*] O well a day, Lady,° if he be not  
drawn now! we shall see wilful adultery° and murder  
committed. 40

*Bard.* Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer noth-  
ing here.°

*Nym.* Pish!

*Pist.* Pish for thee, Iceland dog°! thou prick-ear'd  
cur of Iceland! 45

*Host.* Good Corporal Nym, show thy° valour, and  
put up your sword.

*Nym.* Will you shog° off? I would have you solus.

*Pist.* 'Solus, ' egregious dog? O viper vile!  
The 'solus' in thy most mervailous° face; 50  
The 'solus' in thy teeth, and in thy throat,  
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,°  
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!  
I do retort the 'solus' in thy bowels;  
For I can take,° and Pistol's cock° is up, 55  
And flashing fire will follow.

*Nym.* I am not Barbason°; you cannot conjure me.°  
I have an humour° to knock you indifferently well.° If  
you grow foul° with me, Pistol, I will scour you with

my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk 60  
off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as  
I may: and that's the humour of it.°

*Pist.* O braggart vile, and damned furious wight!  
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;  
Therefore exhale.°

65

*Bard.* Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes  
the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a  
soldier.

[*Draws.*

*Pist.* An oath of mickle° might; and fury shall  
abate.

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give: 70  
Thy spirits are most tall.°

*Nym.* I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in  
fair terms: that is the humour of it.

*Pist.* 'Couple a gorge°!' *Th.*  
That is the word. I thee defy again. 75

O hound of Crete,° think'st thou my spouse to get?  
No; to the spital° go, *slayest*

And from the powdering-tub° of infamy  
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,°  
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse: 80

I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly°  
For the only she°; and — pauca,° there's enough.  
Go to.

*per*

*Enter the Boy.*

*Boy.* Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. 85  
Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

*Bard.* Away, you rogue!

*Host.* By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The king has killed his heart. 90  
Good husband, come home presently.°

[*Exeunt* HOSTESS and Boy.]

*Bard.* Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together: why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

*Pist.* Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on! 95

*Nym.* You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

*Pist.* Base is the slave that pays.

*Nym.* That now I will have: that's the humour of it. 100

*Pist.* As manhood shall compound°: push home.

[*They draw.*

*Bard.* By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

*Pist.* Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course. 105

*Bard.* Corporal Nym, an<sup>o</sup> thou wilt be friends, be friends: and thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

*Nym.* I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting? 110

*Pist.* A noble<sup>o</sup> shalt thou have, and present<sup>o</sup> pay; And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood: I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me; Is not this just? for I shall sutler<sup>o</sup> be 115 Unto the camp, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.

*Nym.* I shall have my noble?

*Pist.* In cash most justly paid.

*Nym.* Well, then, that's the humour of 't. 120

*Re-enter* HOSTESS.

*Host.* As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of<sup>o</sup> a burning quotidian tertian,<sup>o</sup> that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

*Nym.* The king hath run bad humours on the knight<sup>o</sup>; 125 that's the even of it.<sup>o</sup>

*Pist.* Nym, thou hast spoke the right;  
His heart is fracted° and corroborate.°

*Nym.* The king is a good king : but it must be as it  
may ; he passes some humours and careers.° 130

*Pist.* Let us condole° the knight ; for, lambkins, we  
will live.

## SCENE II.

*Southampton. A council-chamber.*

*Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.*

*Bed.* 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these  
traitors.

*Exe.* They shall be apprehended by and by.°

*West.* How smooth and even° they do bear them-  
selves

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,  
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty. 5

*Bed.* The king hath note of all that they intend,  
By interception° which they dream not of.

*Exe.* Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,°  
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,  
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell 10  
His sovereign's life to death and treachery !

*Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, and Attendants.*

*K. Hen.* Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.  
 My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,  
 And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts :  
 Think you not that the powers<sup>o</sup> we bear with us 15  
 Will cut their passage through the force of France,  
 Doing the execution and the act<sup>o</sup>  
 For which we have in head<sup>o</sup> assembled them ?

*Scroop.* No doubt, my liege, if each man do his  
 best.

*K. Hen.* I doubt not that; since we are well per-  
 suaded 20

We carry not a heart with us from hence  
 That grows not in a fair consent<sup>o</sup> with ours,  
 Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish  
 Success and conquest to attend on us.

*Cam.* Never was monarch better fear'd and loved<sup>o</sup> 25  
 Than is your majesty : there's not, I think, a subject  
 That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness  
 Under the sweet shade of your government.

*Grey.* True : those that were your father's enemies  
 Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you 30  
 With hearts create<sup>o</sup> of duty and of zeal.



*K. Hen.* We therefore have great cause of thankfulness ;

And shall forget the office of our hand,  
Sooner than quittance° of desert and merit  
According to the weight and worthiness. 35

*Scroop.* So service shall with steeled sinews toil,  
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,  
To do your grace incessant services.

*K. Hen.* We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,  
Enlarge° the man committed° yesterday, 40  
That rail'd against our person : we consider  
It was excess of wine that set him on ;  
And on his more advice° we pardon him.

*Scroop.* That's mercy, but too much security° :  
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example 45  
Breed, by his sufferance,° more of such a kind.

*K. Hen.* O, let us yet be merciful.

*Cam.* So may your highness, and yet punish too.

*Grey.* Sir,  
You show great mercy, if you give him life, 50  
After the taste of much correction.°

*K. Hen.* Alas, your too much love and care of me  
Are heavy orisons° 'gainst this poor wretch !  
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,°  
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye° 55

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,  
 Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,  
 Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear<sup>o</sup>  
 care

And tender preservation of our person,  
 Would have him punish'd. And now to our French  
 causes: 60

Who are the late<sup>o</sup> commissioners<sup>o</sup>?

*Cam.* I one, my lord:

Your highness bade me ask for it<sup>o</sup> to-day.

*Scroop.* So did you me, my liege.

*Grey.* And I, my royal sovereign. 65

*K. Hen.* Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there  
 is yours;

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,  
 Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:

Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.

My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter, 70

We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen!

What see you in those papers that you lose

So much complexion<sup>o</sup>? Look ye, how they change!

Their cheeks are paper<sup>o</sup>. Why, what read you there,

That hath so cowarded and chased your blood 75

Out of appearance<sup>o</sup>?

*Cam.*

I do confess my fault<sup>o</sup>;

And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

*Grey.*        {  
*Scroop.*        { To which we all appeal.

*K. Hen.* The mercy that was quick<sup>o</sup> in us but late,  
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:       80  
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy ;  
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,  
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.  
See you, my princes and my noble peers,  
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,  
You know how apt our love was to accord       86  
To furnish him with all appertinents<sup>o</sup>  
Belonging to his honour ; and this man  
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,  
And sworn unto the practices<sup>o</sup> of France,       90  
To kill us here in Hampton : to the which  
This knight, no less for bounty<sup>o</sup> bound to us  
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O,  
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop ? thou cruel,  
Ingrateful,<sup>o</sup> savage and inhuman creature !       95  
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,  
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,  
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,  
Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use,  
May it be possible, that foreign hire       100

Could out of thee extract one spark of evil  
 That might annoy° my finger? 'tis so strange,  
 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross°  
 As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.  
 Treason and murder ever kept° together, 105  
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's° purpose,  
 Working so grossly° in a natural cause,  
 That admiration° did not whoop at them :  
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion,° didst bring in  
 Wonder to wait on treason and on murder : 110  
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was  
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously  
 Hath got the voice° in hell for excellence :  
 All other devils that suggest by treasons  
 Do botch and bungle up damnation 115  
 With patches, colours, and with forms, being fetch'd  
 From glistering° semblances of piety ;  
 But he that temper'd° thee bade thee stand up,  
 Gave thee no instance° why thou shouldst do treason,  
 Unless to dub° thee with the name of traitor. 120  
 If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus  
 Should with his lion gait° walk the whole world,  
 He might return to vasty° Tartar° back,  
 And tell the legions° 'I can never win  
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's.' 125

O, how hast thou with jealousy° infected  
The sweetness of affiancè°! Show° men dutiful?  
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?  
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?  
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious? 130  
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,  
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,  
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,°  
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,°  
Not working with the eye° without the ear, 135  
And but in purged judgement trusting neither?  
Such and so finely bolted° didst thou seem:  
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,  
To mark the full-fraught° man and best indued°  
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee; 140  
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like  
Another fall of man. Their faults° are open°:  
Arrest them to the answer of the law;  
And God acquit them of their practices!

*Exe.* I arrest thee of high treason, by the name  
of Richard Earl of Cambridge. 146

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry  
Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas  
Grey, knight, of Northumberland. 150

*Scroop.* Our purposes God justly hath discover'd°;  
 And I repent my fault more than my death;  
 Which I beseech your highness to forgive,  
 Although my body pay the price of it.

*Cam.* For° me, the gold of France did not seduce;  
 Although I did admit it as a motive 156  
 The sooner to effect what I intended:  
 But God be thanked for prevention;  
 Which° I in sufferance° heartily will rejoice,  
 Beseeching God and you to pardon me. 160

*Grey.* Never did faithful subject more rejoice  
 At the discovery of most dangerous treason  
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,  
 Prevented from a damned enterprise:  
 My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign. 165

*K. Hen.* God quit° you in his mercy! Hear your  
 sentence.

You have conspired against our royal person,  
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his  
 coffers  
 Received the golden earnest° of our death; *Hand you*  
 Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,  
 His princes and his peers to servitude, 171  
 His subjects to oppression and contempt,  
 And his whole kingdom into desolation.

Touching our person seek we no revenge ;  
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,°      175  
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws  
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,  
Poor miserable wretches, to your death ;  
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give  
You patience to endure, and true repentance      180  
Of all your dear° offences! Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt* CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, and GREY, guarded.  
Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof  
Shall be to you, as us, like° glorious.  
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,  
Since God so graciously hath brought to light      185  
This dangerous treason lurking in our way  
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now  
But every rub° is smoothed on our way.  
Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver  
Our puissance into the hand of God,      190  
Putting it straight in expedition.°  
Cheerly° to sea; the signs of war° advance:  
No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*London. Before a tavern.*

*Enter* PISTOL, HOSTESS, NYM, BARDOLPH, *and* Boy.

*Host.* Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee<sup>o</sup> to Staines.<sup>o</sup>

*Pist.* No, for my manly heart doth yearn.<sup>o</sup>  
Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;  
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead, 5  
And we must yearn therefore.

*Bard.* Would I were with him, wheresome'er<sup>o</sup> he is, either in heaven or hell!

*Host.* Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom,<sup>o</sup> if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A<sup>o</sup> 10  
made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom<sup>o</sup> child; a' parted<sup>o</sup> even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide. For after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but 15  
one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields.<sup>o</sup> 'How now, Sir John!' quoth I: 'what, man! be o' good cheer.' So a' cried out, 'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I 20



hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so 25 upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

*Nym.* They say he cried out of° sack.°

*Host.* Ay, that a' did.

*Bard.* And of women.

*Host.* Nay, that a' did not. 30

*Boy.* Yes, that a' did; and said they were devils incarnate.

*Host.* A' could never abide carnation°; 'twas a colour he never liked.

*Boy.* A' said once, the devil would have him about° 35 women.

*Host.* A' did in some sort, indeed, handle° women; but then he was rheumatic.°

*Boy.* Do you not remember, a' saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul 40 burning in hell-fire?

*Bard.* Well, the fuel is gone° that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

*Nym.* Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton. 45

*Pist.* Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels and my movables :

Let senses rule°; the word is 'Pitch and Pay°':

Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog,° my duck : 51

Therefore, Caveto° be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals.° Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck! 55

*Boy.* And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

*Pist.* Touch her soft mouth, and march.

*Bard.* Farewell, hostess. [Kissing her.]

*Nym.* I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but,  
adieu. 60

*Pist.* Let housewifery appear°: keep close,° I thee  
command.

*Host.* Farewell; adieu. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE IV.

*France. The King's palace.*

*Flourish. Enter the FRENCH KING, the DAUPHIN, the DUKES OF BERRI and BRETAGNE, the CONSTABLE, and others.*

*Fr. King.* Thus comes° the English with full power  
upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns

To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,

Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,°      5

And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,

To line° and new repair our towns of war

With men of courage and with means defendant;

For England° his approaches makes as fierce

As waters to the sucking of a gulf.      10

It fits° us then to be as provident

As fear may teach us out of late examples

Left by the fatal and neglected° English

Upon our fields.

*Dau.*                      My most redoubted father,

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;      15

For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,

Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,  
 But that defences, musters, preparations,  
 Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,  
 As were a war° in expectation. 20

Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth  
 To view the sick° and feeble parts of France:  
 And let us do it with no show of fear;  
 No, with no more than if we heard that England  
 Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance°: 25  
 For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,  
 Her sceptre so fantastically borne  
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous° youth,  
 That fear attends her not.°

*Con.* O peace, Prince Dauphin!

You are too much mistaken in this king: 30  
 Question your grace° the late ambassadors,  
 With what great state he heard their embassy,  
 How well supplied with noble counsellors,  
 How modest in exception,° and withal°  
 How terrible in constant resolution, 35  
 And you shall find his vanities forespent°  
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,  
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly;  
 As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots  
 That shall first spring and be most delicate. 40

*Dau.* Well, 'tis not so,° my lord high constable;  
But though we think it so, it is no matter:  
In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh  
The enemy more mighty than he seems:  
So the proportions of defence are fill'd°;      45  
Which of a weak and niggardly projection°  
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting  
A little cloth.

*Fr. King.*      Think we° King Harry strong;  
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.  
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us°;      50  
And he is bred out of that bloody strain°  
That haunted us in our familiar paths:  
Witness our too much memorable shame  
When Cressy battle fatally° was struck,  
And all our princes captived by the hand      55  
Of that black name,° Edward, Black Prince of  
Wales;  
Whiles that his mountain sire,° on mountain stand-  
ing,  
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,  
Saw his heroical seed, and smiled to see him,  
Mangle the work of nature, and deface      60  
The patterns that by God and by French fathers  
Had twenty years been made.      This is a stem

Of that victorious stock; and let us fear  
The native mightiness and fate of him.°

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Ambassadors from Harry King of England  
Do crave admittance to your majesty. 66

*Fr. King.* We'll give them present° audience. Go,  
and bring them.

[*Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.*

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

*Dau.* Turn head,° and stop pursuit; for coward  
dogs

Most spend their mouths° when what they seem to  
threaten 70

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,  
Take up the English short,° and let them know  
Of what a monarchy you are the head:  
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin  
As self-neglecting.

*Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and train.*

*Fr. King.* From our brother England? 75

*Exe.* From him; and thus he greets your majesty.  
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,  
That you divest yourself, and lay apart

The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,  
 By law of nature and of nations, 'long° 80  
 To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown  
 And all wide-stretched honours that pertain  
 By custom and the ordinance of times°  
 Unto the crown of France. That you may know  
 'Tis no sinister° nor no awkward° claim, *all a cheat* 85  
 Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,  
 Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,  
 He sends you this most memorable line,°  
 In every branch truly demonstrative,°  
 Willing you overlook° this pedigree; 90  
 And when you find him evenly° derived  
 From his most famed of famous ancestors,  
 Edward the Third, he bids you then resign  
 Your crown and kingdom, indirectly° held  
 From him the native° and true challenger.° 95

*Fr. King.* Or else what follows?

*Exe.* Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown  
 Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:  
 Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,  
 In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove, 100  
 That, if requiring° fail, he will compel;  
 And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,°  
 Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy

On the poor souls for whom this hungry war  
 Opens his vasty jaws ; and on your head 105  
 Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,  
 The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,  
 For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,  
 That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.  
 This is his claim, his threatening, and my message ;  
 Unless the Dauphin be in presence here, 111  
 To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

*Fr. King.* For° us, we will consider of this further :  
 To-morrow shall you bear our full intent  
 Back to our brother England.

*Dau.* For the Dauphin, 115  
 I stand here for him : what to him from England ?

*Exe.* Scorn and defiance ; slight regard, contempt,  
 And anything that may not misbecome  
 The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.  
 Thus says my king ; an if° your father's highness 120  
 Do not, in grant of all demands at large,°  
 Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,  
 He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,  
 That caves and womby vaultages° of France  
 Shall chide your trespass,° and return your mock 125  
 In second accent of his ordinance.

*Dau.* Say, if my father render fair return,



It is against my will; for I desire  
Nothing but odds<sup>o</sup> with England: to that end,  
As matching to his youth and vanity,      130  
I did present him with the Paris balls.

*Exe.* He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,  
Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe:  
And, be assured, you'll find a difference,  
As we his subjects have in wonder found,      135  
Between the promise of his greener<sup>o</sup> days  
And these he masters<sup>o</sup> now: now he weighs time  
Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read  
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

*Fr. King.* To-morrow shall you know our mind at  
full.      140

*Exe.* Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king  
Come here himself to question our delay;  
For he is footed<sup>o</sup> in this land already.

*Fr. King.* You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair  
conditions:  
A night is but small breath<sup>o</sup> and little pause      145  
To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Flourish.*    *Exeunt*

## ACT THIRD. — PROLOGUE.

*Enter* CHORUS.

*Chor.* Thus with imagined wing° our swift scene  
 flies,  
 In motion of no less celerity  
 Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen  
 The well-appointed° king at Hampton pier  
 Embark his royalty°; and his brave° fleet 5  
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning°:  
 Play with your fancies, and in them behold  
 Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;  
 Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give  
 To sounds confused; behold the threaden° sails, 10  
 Borne with° the invisible and creeping wind,  
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,  
 Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think  
 You stand upon the rivage° and behold  
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing; 15  
 For so appears this fleet majestic,  
 Holding due course to Harfleur.° Follow, follow!  
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,°  
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,  
 Guarded with° grandsires, babies, and old women, 20



Or close the wall up with our English dead.  
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
 As modest stillness and humility:  
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears, 5  
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd° rage;  
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;  
 Let it pry through the portage° of the head 10  
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm° it  
 As fearfully as doth a galled° rock *rough*  
 O'erhang and jutty° his confounded° base,  
 Swilled with° the wild and wasteful ocean.  
 Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide, 15  
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit°  
 To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,  
 Whose blood is fet° from fathers of war-proof°,  
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,  
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought, 20  
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument°!  
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest°  
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.  
 Be copy now to men of grosser° blood,  
 And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,  
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here 25

not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good° deeds; for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase.° Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais° they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals.° They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood,° if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs.° I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit.

*Re-enter* FLUELLEN, GOWER *following.*

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen, you must come presently° to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

*Flu.* To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary, you may discuss<sup>o</sup> unto the duke, look you, is digt himself<sup>o</sup> four yard under the countermines: by Cheshu, I think a' will plow<sup>o</sup> up all, if there is not better directions. 60

*Gow.* The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith. 65

*Flu.* It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

*Gow.* I think it be. 70

*Flu.* By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his beard<sup>o</sup>: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

*Enter MACMORRIS and CAPTAIN JAMY.*

*Gow.* Here a' comes; and the Scots captain, Captain 75  
Jamy, with him.

*Flu.* Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition<sup>o</sup> and knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will main- 80

tain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

*Jamy.* I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

*Flu.* God-den° to your worship, good Captain 85  
James.

*Gow.* How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners° given o'er°?

*Mac.* By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my 90  
hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will 95  
you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, 100  
of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

*Jamy.* It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit° you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.°

*Mac.* It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing: 'tis 110 shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!

*Jamy.* By the mess,° ere theise eyes of mine take 115 themselves to slomber, ay'll de gud service, or ay'll lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and ay'll pay 't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long.° Marry, I wad full fain hear some question° 'tween you tway. 120

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation —

*Mac.* Of my nation°! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation? 125

*Flu.* Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, 130



and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

*Mac.* I do not know you so good a man as myself :  
so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

*Gow.* Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.° 135

*Jamy.* A! that's a foul fault.

[*A parley sounded.*

*Gow.* The town sounds a parley.

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, when there is more better  
opportunity to be required,° look you, I will be so bold  
as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there 140  
is an end. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

*The same. Before the gates.*

*The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English  
forces below. Enter KING HENRY and his train.*

*K. Hen.* How yet resolves the governor of the  
town?

This is the latest parle° we will admit:

Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;

Or like to men proud of destruction

Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,

A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,  
If I begin the battery° once again,  
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur  
Till in her ashes she lie buried.  
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up, 10  
And the flesh'd° soldier, rough and hard of heart,  
In liberty of bloody hand shall range  
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass  
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.  
What is it then to me, if impious war, 15  
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,  
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats°  
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?  
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,  
If your pure maidens fall into the hand 20  
Of hot and forcing violation?  
What rein can hold licentious wickedness  
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?  
We may as bootless° spend our vain command  
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,° 25  
As sends precepts° to the leviathan°  
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,  
Take pity of° your town and of your people,  
Whiles° yet my soldiers are in my command°;  
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace° 30

O'erblows° the filthy and contagious clouds  
Of heady° murder, spoil, and villany.  
If not, why, in a moment look to see  
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand  
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters; 35  
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,  
And their most reverend heads dash'd to° the walls,  
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,  
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused  
Do break° the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry° 40  
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.  
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid,  
Or, guilty in defence,° be thus destroyed?

*Gov.* Our expectation hath this day an end:  
The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated, 45  
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready  
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,  
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.  
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;  
For we no longer are defensible. 50

*K. Hen.* Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,  
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,  
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:  
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,  
The winter coming on, and sickness growing 55

Upon° our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.  
 To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest ;  
 To-morrow for the march are we address.°

[*Flourish.* The KING and his train enter the town.

SCENE IV.

*The French King's palace.*

*Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.*

*Kath.* Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

*Alice.* Un peu, madame.

*Kath.* Je te prie, m'enseignes ; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglais ? 5

*Alice.* La main ? elle est appelée de hand.

*Kath.* De hand. Et les doigts ?

*Alice.* Les doigts ? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts ; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts ? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres ; oui, de fingres. 10

*Kath.* La main, de hand ; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier ; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglais vîtement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles ?

*Alice.* Les ongles ? nous les appelons de nails.

*Kath.* De nails. Ecoutez; dites-moi, si je parle 15  
bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

*Alice.* C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon  
Anglais.

*Kath.* Dites-moi l'Anglais pour le bras.

*Alice.* De arm, madame. 20

*Kath.* Et le coude.

*Alice.* De elbow.

*Kath.* De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous  
les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

*Alice.* Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense. 25

*Kath.* Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: de hand, de  
fingres, de nails, de arna, de bilbow.

*Alice.* De elbow, madame.

*Kath.* O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! de elbow.  
Comment appelez-vous le col? 30

*Alice.* De neck, madame.

*Kath.* De nick. Et le menton?

*Alice.* De chin.

*Kath.* De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin.

*Alice.* Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous 35  
prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angle-  
terre.

*Kath.* Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace  
de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

*Alice.* N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai 40  
enseigné ?

*Kath.* Non, je reciterai à vous promptement : de  
hand, de fingres, de mails, —

*Alice.* De nails, madame.

*Kath.* De nails, de arm, de ilbow. 45

*Alice.* Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

*Kath.* Ainsi dis-je ; de elbow, de nick, et de sin.  
Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe ?

*Alice.* De foot, madame ; et de coun.

*Kath.* De foot et de coun ! Je réciterai une autre 50  
fois ma leçon ensemble : de hand, de fingres, de nails,  
de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

*Alice.* Excellent, madame !

*Kath.* C'est assez pour une fois : allons-nous à dîner.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE V.

*The same.*

*Enter the KING OF FRANCE, the DAUPHIN, the DUKE OF  
BOURBON, the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, and others.*

*Fr. King.* 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

*Con.* And if he be not fought withal,<sup>o</sup> my lord,

Let us not live in France; let us quit all,  
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

*Dau.* O Dieu vivant°! shall a few sprays° of us, 5  
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,°  
Our seions,° put in wild and savage stock,  
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,  
And overlook° their grafters?

*Bour.* Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman  
bastards! 10

Mort de ma vie°! if they march along  
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,  
To buy a slobbery° and a dirty farm  
In that nook-shotten° isle of Albion.°

*Con.* Dieu de batailles°! where have they° this  
mettle? 15

Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull,  
On whom, as in despite,° the sun looks pale, *boiled*  
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,°  
A *crutch* drench° for sur-rein'd jades,° their barley-broth,°  
Decoct° their cold blood to such valiant heat? 20  
And shall our quick blood, spirited with° wine,  
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,  
Let us not hang like roping icicles  
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people  
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!— 25

Poor we may call them in their native lords.

*Dau.* By faith and honour,  
Our madams<sup>o</sup> mock at us, and plainly say  
Our mettle is bred out.<sup>o</sup>

*Bour.* They bid us to the English dancing-schools,  
And teach lavoltas<sup>o</sup> high and swift corantos<sup>o</sup>; 31  
Saying our grace is only in our heels,  
And that we are most lofty runaways.

*Fr. King.* Where is Montjoy the herald? speed  
him hence:  
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance. 35  
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged  
More sharper<sup>o</sup> than your swords, hie to the field:  
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;  
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,  
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy; 40  
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,  
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,  
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;  
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and knights,  
For your great seats<sup>o</sup> now quit you<sup>o</sup> of great shames.  
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land 46  
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:  
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow  
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat





## SCENE VI.

*The English camp in Picardy.*

*Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN, meeting.*

*Gow.* How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge°?

*Flu.* I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the bridge.

*Gow.* Is the Duke of Exeter safe? 5

*Flu.* The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not — God be praised and blessed! — any hurt in the world; but 10 keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant 15 service.

*Gow.* What do you call him?

*Flu.* He is called Aunchient Pistol.

*Gow.* I know him not.

*Enter* PISTOL.

*Flu.* Here is the man. 20

*Pist.* Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours :  
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

*Flu.* Ay, I praise God ; and I have merited some love  
at his hands.

*Pist.* Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart, 25  
And of buxom<sup>o</sup> valour, hath, by cruel fate,  
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,  
That goddess blind,  
That stands upon the rolling restless stone —

*Flu.* By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune 30  
is painted blind, with a muffler<sup>o</sup> afore her eyes, to signify  
to you that Fortune is blind ; and she is painted  
also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral  
of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability,  
and variation : and her foot, look you, is fixed 35  
upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls.  
In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description  
of it : Fortune is an excellent moral.

*Pist.* Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him ;  
For he hath stolen a pax,<sup>o</sup> and hanged must a' be : 40  
A damned death !  
Let gallows gape for dog ; let man go free

And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate :  
 But Exeter hath given the doom of death  
 For pax of little price. 45

Therefore, go speak ; the duke will hear thy voice ;  
 And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut  
 With edge of penny cord and vile reproach :  
 Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

*Flu.* Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your 50  
 meaning.

*Pist.* Why then, rejoice therefore.

*Flu.* Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice  
 at : for if, look you, he were my brother, I would de-  
 sire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to 55  
 execution ; for discipline ought to be used.

*Pist.* Die and be damn'd ! and figo° for thy friend-  
 ship !

*Flu.* It is well.

*Pist.* The fig of Spain° ! [Exit. 61

*Flu.* Very good. 61

*Gow.* Why, this is an arrant° counterfeit rascal ; I  
 remember him now ; a bawd, a cutpurse.

*Flu.* I'll assure you, a' uttered as prave words at  
 the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But 65  
 it is very well ; what he has spoke to me, that is well,  
 I warrant you, when time is serve.

*Gow.* Why, 'tis a gull,° a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself° at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such 70 fellows are perfect in° the great commanders' names: and they will learn you° by rote where services were done; at such and such a sence,° at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on°; and 75 this they con° perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned° oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut° and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know 80 such slanders of the age,° or else you may be marvelously mistook.

*Flu.* I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell 85 him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from° the pridge.

*Drum and Colours.* Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers.

God pless your majesty!

*K. Hen.* How now, Fluellen! camest thou from the bridge?

*Flu.* Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, 95 and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

*K. Hen.* What men have you lost, Fluellen?

*Flu.* The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the 100 duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles,<sup>o</sup> and whelks,<sup>o</sup> and knobs, and flames o' fire: and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, some- 105 times plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

*K. Hen.* We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from 110 the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

*Tucket.*° *Enter* MONTJOY.°

*Mont.* You know me by my habit.° 115

*K. Hen.* Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

*Mont.* My master's mind.

*K. Hen.* Unfold it.

*Mont.* Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; 120 advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury° till it were full-ripe: now we speak upon our cue,° and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his 125 weakness, and admire our sufferance.° Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion° the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested°; which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our 130 losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint° a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he 135 hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is

*tail  
signifies  
time  
to speak*

pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

*K. Hen.* What is thy name? I know thy quality.°

*Mont.* Montjoy. 140

*K. Hen.* Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy king I do not seek him now;  
But could be willing to march on to Calais  
Without impeachment°: for, to say the sooth,° *truth*  
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much 145  
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,°

My people are with sickness much enfeebled,  
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have  
Almost no better than so many French;  
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald, 150  
I thought upon one pair of English legs  
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,  
That I do brag thus! This your air of France  
Hath blown° that vice in me; I must repent.

Go therefore, tell thy master here I am; 155  
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,  
My army but a weak and sickly guard; *deterrmination*  
Yet, God before,° tell him we will come on,

Though France himself and such another neighbour  
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour,° Montjoy. 160



Go, bid thy master well advise himself:  
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,  
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood  
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.  
The sum of all our answer is but this: 165  
We would not seek a battle, as we are;  
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it:  
So tell your master.

*Mont.* I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[*Exit.*

*Glou.* I hope they will not come upon us now. 170

*K. Hen.* We are in God's hand, brother, not in  
theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:  
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,  
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VII.

*The French camp, near Agincourt.*

*Enter the* CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, *the* LORD RAM-  
BURES, ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, *with others.*

*Con.* Tut! I have the best armour of° the world.  
Would it were day!

*Orl.* You have an excellent armour°; but let my horse have his due.

*Con.* It is the best horse of Europe. 5

*Orl.* Will it never be morning?

*Dau.* My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour?

*Orl.* You are as well provided of° both as any prince in the world. 10

*Dau.* What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ca, ha! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs°; le cheval volant,° the Pegasus,° chez les narines de feu°! When I bestride him, I soar, I am 15 a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.°

*Orl.* He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

*Dau.* And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast 20 for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts. 25

*Con.* Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute° and excellent horse.

*Dau.* It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage. 30

*Orl.* No more, cousin.

*Dau.* Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea. Turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument<sup>o</sup> for them all; 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions<sup>o</sup> and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: 'Wonder of nature,' — 40

*Orl.* I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

*Dau.* Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

*Con.* I had as lief have my mistress a jade.<sup>o</sup> 45

*Dau.* I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.<sup>o</sup>

*Con.* I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

*Dau.* 'Le chien est retourné<sup>o</sup> son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au borbier:' thou makest use of any thing. 50

*Con.* Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

*Ram.* My lord constable, the armour that I saw in 55  
your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

*Con.* Stars, my lord.

*Dau.* Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

*Con.* And yet my sky shall not want.

*Dau.* That may be, for you bear a many<sup>o</sup> superflu- 60  
ously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

*Con.* Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

*Dau.* Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow 65  
a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

*Con.* I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way<sup>o</sup>: but I would it were morning; for I would fain<sup>o</sup> be about the ears of the English.

*Ram.* Who will go to hazard<sup>o</sup> with me for twenty 70  
prisoners?

*Con.* You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

*Dau.* 'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself. [Exit.

*Orl.* The Dauphin longs for morning. 75

*Ram.* He longs to eat the English.

*Con.* I think he will eat all he kills.

*Orl.* By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

*Con.* Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath. 80

*Orl.* He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

*Con.* Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

*Orl.* He never did harm, that I heard of. 85

*Con.* Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

*Orl.* I know him to be valiant.

*Con.* I was told that by one that knows him better than you. 90

*Orl.* What's he?

*Con.* Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

*Orl.* He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

*Con.* By my faith, sir, but it is; never anybody saw it but his lackey<sup>o</sup>: 'tis a hooded<sup>o</sup> valour, and when it appears it will bate.<sup>o</sup> 95

*Orl.* Ill will never said well.

*Con.* I will cap that proverb with 'There is flattery in friendship.' 100

*Orl.* And I will take up that with 'Give the devil his due.'

*Con.* Well placed°: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb with 'A pox of the devil.' 105

*Orl.* You are the better at proverbs, by how much 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'

*Con.* You have shot over.

*Orl.* 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.°

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord high constable, the English lie within 110 fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

*Con.* Who hath measured the ground?

*Mess.* The Lord Grandpré.

*Con.* A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs 115 not for the dawning as we do.

*Orl.* What a wretched and peevish° fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brained° followers so far out of his knowledge°!

*Con.* If the English had any apprehension,° they 120 would run away.

*Orl.* That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

*Ram.* That island of England breeds very valiant <sup>125</sup> creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

*Orl.* Foolish curs, that run winking<sup>o</sup> into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a <sup>130</sup> lion.

*Con.* Just, just; and the men do sympathize with<sup>o</sup> the mastiffs in robustious<sup>o</sup> and rough coming on,<sup>o</sup> leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will <sup>135</sup> eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

*Orl.* Ay, but these English are shrewdly<sup>o</sup> out of beef.

*Con.* Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time, to <sup>140</sup> arm: come, shall we about it?

*Orl.* It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT FOURTH. — PROLOGUE.

*Enter* CHORUS.

*Chor.* Now entertain conjecture<sup>o</sup> of a time  
When creeping murmur and the poring dark<sup>c</sup>  
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.  
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night  
The hum of either army stilly<sup>o</sup> sounds,  
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive  
The secret whispers of each other's watch:  
Fire answers fire,<sup>o</sup> and through their paly<sup>o</sup> flames  
Each battle<sup>o</sup> sees the other's umber'd<sup>o</sup> face;  
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs  
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents  
The armourers, accomplishing<sup>o</sup> the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up,<sup>o</sup>  
Give dreadful note of preparation:  
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,  
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.  
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,  
The confident and over-lusty<sup>o</sup> French  
Do the low-rated English play<sup>o</sup> at dice;  
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night  
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp



So tediously away. The poor condemned English,  
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
Sit patiently, and inly<sup>o</sup> ruminatē  
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,<sup>o</sup> 25  
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,  
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon  
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold  
The royal captain of this ruin'd band  
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent, 30  
Let him cry, 'Praise and glory on his head!'  
For forth he goes and visits all his host,  
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,  
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.  
Upon his royal face there is no note<sup>o</sup> 35  
How dread an army hath enrounded<sup>o</sup> him;  
Nor doth he dedicate<sup>o</sup> one jot of colour  
Unto the weary and all-watched<sup>o</sup> night,  
But freshly looks and over-bears attain<sup>o</sup>  
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty; 40  
That every wretch, pining and pale before,  
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:  
A largess<sup>o</sup> universal like the sun  
His liberal eye doth give to every one,  
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all 45  
Behold, as may unworthiness define,<sup>o</sup>

A little touch of Harry<sup>o</sup> in the night.  
 And so our scene must to the battle fly;  
 Where — O for pity! — we shall much disgrace  
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,<sup>o</sup>  
 Right ill-disposed<sup>o</sup> in brawl ridiculous,  
 The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,  
 Minding<sup>o</sup> true things by what their mockeries be.

[*Ex*

## SCENE I.

*The English camp at Agincourt.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, BEDFORD, *and* GLOUCESTER.

*K. Hen.* Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great  
 danger;  
 The greater therefore should our courage be.  
 Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!  
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
 Would men observingly distil it out;  
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,  
 Which is both healthful and good husbandry<sup>o</sup>:  
 Besides, they<sup>o</sup> are our outward consciences,  
 And preachers to us all, admonishing  
 That we should dress<sup>o</sup> us fairly for our end.

Thus may we gather honey from the weed,  
And make a morai of the devil himself.

*Enter ERPINGHAM.*

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham :  
A good soft pillow for that good white head  
Were better than a churlish<sup>o</sup> turf of France. 15

*Erp.* Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,  
Since I may say 'Now lie I like a king.'

*K. Hen.* 'Tis good for men to love their present  
pains

Upon example; so the spirit is eased  
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt. 20

The organs, though defunct and dead before.  
Break up their drowsy grave<sup>o</sup> and newly move  
With casted slough<sup>o</sup> and fresh legerity.<sup>o</sup>

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,  
Commend me to the princes in our camp; 25

Do my good morrow to them, and anon<sup>o</sup>  
Desire them all to my pavilion.

*Glou.* We shall, my liege.

*Erp.* Shall I attend your grace?

*K. Hen.* No, my good knight;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England: 30  
I and my bosom must debate a while,

And then I would no other company.

*Erp.* The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Har

[*Exeunt all but K*

*K. Hen.* God-a-mercy,° old heart! thou spea  
cheerfully.

*Enter PISTOL.*

*Pist.* Qui va la°?

*K. Hen.* A friend.

*Pist.* Discuss° unto me; art thou officer?  
Or art thou base, common, and popular°?

*K. Hen.* I am a gentleman of a company.°

*Pist.* Trail'st thou the puissant pike°?

*K. Hen.* Even so. What are you?

*Pist.* As good a gentleman as the emperor.

*K. Hen.* Then you are a better than the king

*Pist.* The king's a bawcock,° and a heart of g  
A lad of life, an imp° of fame;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string

I love the lovely bully.° What is thy name?

*K. Hen.* Harry le Roy.

*Pist.* Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of C  
crew?

*K. Hen.* No, I am a Welshman.

nettle of your pasture ; let us swear  
 you are worth your breeding ; which I doubt not,  
 there is none of you so mean and base,  
 hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

30

‘I stand like greyhounds in the slips,<sup>o</sup>  
 lag upon the start.<sup>o</sup> The game’s afoot :  
 your spirit, and upon this charge  
 God for Harry, England, and Saint George !’

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.*

l. On, on, on, on, on ! to the breach, to the breach !  
 . Pray thee, corporal,<sup>o</sup> stay : the knocks are too  
 nd, for mine own part, I have not a case<sup>o</sup> of  
 the humour of it is too hot, that is the very  
 ng<sup>o</sup> of it. *single speech*

5

The plain-song is most just ; for humours do  
<sup>o</sup> :

cks go and come<sup>o</sup> ; God’s vassals drop and die ;

And sword and shield,

In bloody field,

10

Doth win immortal fame.

*Boy.* Would I were in an alehouse in London  
would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety

*Pist.* And I:

If wishes would prevail° with me,  
My purpose should not fail with me  
But thither would I hie.

*Boy.* As duly, but not as truly,°  
As bird doth sing on bough.

*Enter FLUELLEN.*

*Flu.* Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt,°  
cullions°! [Driving them fo

*Pist.* Be merciful, great duke,° to men of mould  
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,  
Abate thy rage, great duke!  
Good bawcock,° bate thy rage; use lenity  
chuck°!

*Nym.* These be good humours°! your honour v  
bad humours. [Exeunt all b

*Boy.* As young as I am, I have observed these t  
swashers.° I am boy to them all three: but all t  
three, though they would serve me, could not be  
to me; for indeed three such antics° do not amount  
a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered° and  
faced; by the means whereof a' faces it out, but fi

*ist.* Know'st thou Fluellen?

*Hen.* Yes.

*ist.* Tell him, I'll knock his leek<sup>o</sup> about his pate  
in Saint Davy's day. 55

*Hen.* Do not you wear your dagger in your cap  
day, lest he knock that about yours.

*ist.* Art thou his friend?

*Hen.* And his kinsman too.

*ist.* The figo<sup>o</sup> for thee, then! 60

*Hen.* I thank you: God be with you!

*ist.* My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit.*]

*Hen.* It sorts<sup>o</sup> well with your fierceness.

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

*ec.* Captain Fluellen!

*Flu.* So! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak lower. 65

the greatest admiration<sup>o</sup> in the universal world,  
the true and aunchient prerogatifes and laws of  
wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but  
to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall  
warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor 70  
pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you  
shall find the ceremonies<sup>o</sup> of the wars, and the cares of  
the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the  
necessity of it, to be otherwise.

*Gow.* Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all 75  
night.

*Flu.* If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating  
coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also,  
look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb?  
in your own conscience,° now? 80

*Gow.* I will speak lower.

*Flu.* I pray you and beseech you that you will.

[*Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.*

*K. Hen.* Though it appear a little out of fashion,°  
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

*Enter three soldiers, JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT,  
and MICHAEL WILLIAMS.*

*Court.* Brother John Bates, is not that the morning 85  
which breaks yonder?

*Bates.* I think it be: but we have no great cause to  
desire the approach of day.

*Will.* We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I  
think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there? 90

*K. Hen.* A friend.

*Will.* Under what captain serve you?

*K. Hen.* Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

*Will.* A good old commander and a most kind gentle-  
man: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate°? 95



*K. Hen.* Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

*Bates.* He hath not told his thought to the king ?

*K. Hen.* No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, <sup>100</sup> as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element<sup>o</sup> shows<sup>o</sup> to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions<sup>o</sup>: his ceremonies<sup>o</sup> laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections<sup>o</sup> are higher mounted<sup>o</sup> than ours, yet, when <sup>105</sup> they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears,<sup>o</sup> as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish<sup>o</sup> as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten <sup>110</sup> his army.

*Bates.* He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures,<sup>o</sup> so <sup>115</sup> we were quit here.<sup>o</sup>

*K. Hen.* By my troth,<sup>o</sup> I will speak my conscience<sup>o</sup> of the king: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

*Bates.* Then I would he were here alone; so should <sup>120</sup>

he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

*K. Hen.* I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die any where so <sup>125</sup> contented as in the king's company, his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

*Will.* That's more than we know.

*Bates.* Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's sub-<sup>130</sup>jects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

*Will.* But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join <sup>135</sup> together at the latter<sup>o</sup> day and cry all 'We died at such a place;' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon<sup>o</sup> their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly<sup>o</sup> left. I am afeard<sup>o</sup> there are few die well <sup>140</sup> that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument<sup>o</sup>? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.<sup>o</sup> 145

*K. Hen.* So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise° do sinfully miscarry° upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of 150 money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled° iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer° the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, 155 nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement° of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure have 160 on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived° murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated 165 the law and outrun native punishment,° though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is His beadle, war is His vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel°: where they feared the 170

death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: then if they die unprovided,<sup>o</sup> no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited.<sup>o</sup> Every subject's duty is <sup>the</sup> 175 the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every <sup>sin</sup> mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation <sup>was</sup> 180 was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

*Will.* 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill,<sup>o</sup> the ill 185 upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

*Bates.* I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

*K. Hen.* I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed. 190

*Will.* Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

*K. Hen.* If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after. 195

*Will.* You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun,<sup>o</sup> that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about<sup>o</sup> to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his 200 word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

*K. Hen.* Your reproof is something too round<sup>o</sup>: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

*Will.* Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

*K. Hen.* I embrace it. 205

*Will.* How shall I know thee again?

*K. Hen.* Give me any gage<sup>o</sup> of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

*Will.* Here's my glove; give me another of thine. 210

*K. Hen.* There.

*Will.* This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,' by this hand, I will take<sup>o</sup> thee a box on the ear. 215

*K. Hen.* If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

*Will.* Thou darest as well be hanged.

*K. Hen.* Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

*Will.* Keep thy word: fare thee well. 220

*Bates.* Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow,<sup>o</sup> if you could tell how to reckon.

*K. Hen.* Indeed, the French<sup>o</sup> may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them 225  
on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut<sup>o</sup>  
French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be  
a clipper. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,  
Our debts, our careful<sup>o</sup> wives, 230  
Our children, and our sins lay on the king!  
We must bear all. O hard condition,  
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath<sup>o</sup>  
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel  
But his own wringing<sup>o</sup>! What infinite heart's-ease 235  
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!  
And what have kings, that privates<sup>o</sup> have not too,  
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?  
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?  
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more 240  
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?  
What are thy rents? what are thy comings in<sup>o</sup>?  
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!  
What is thy soul of adoration<sup>o</sup>?  
Art thou aught else but place, degree,<sup>o</sup> and form, 245

Creating awe and fear in other men ?

Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd  
Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,  
But poison'd flattery ? O, be sick, great greatness,  
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure ! 251

Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out

With titles blown from adulation° ? ~~away~~

Will it give place to flexure° and low bending ? 254

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,  
Command the health of it ? No, thou proud dream,  
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose ;

I am a king that find thee, and I know

'Tis not the balm,° the sceptre, and the ball,°

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial, 260

The intertissued° robe of gold and pearl,

The farced° title running 'fore the king,

The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp

That beats upon the high shore of this world ;

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony, 265

Not all these, laid in bed majestical,

Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,

Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind ~~he~~

Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful° bread ;

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell, 270

## SCENE II.

*The French camp.*

*Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and others.*

*Orl.* The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords!

*Dau.* Montez à cheval°! My horse! varlet!  
laquais! ha!

*Orl.* O brave spirit!

*Dau.* Via! les eaux et la terre.°

*Orl.* Rien puis? l'air et le feu.°

5

*Dau.* Ciel,° cousin Orleans.

*Enter CONSTABLE.*

Now, my lord constable!

*Con.* Hark, how our steeds for present service  
neigh!

*Dau.* Mount them, and make incision in their  
hides,

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes, 10  
And dout° them with superfluous courage, ha!

*Ram.* What, will you have them weep our horses'  
blood?

How shall we then behold their natural tears?



*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* The English are embattled,° you French  
peers.

*Con.* To horse, you gallant princes! straight to  
horse! 15

Do but behold you poor and starved band,  
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,  
Leaving them but the shales° and husks of men.  
There is not work enough for all our hands;  
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins 20  
To give each naked curtle-axe° a stain,  
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,  
And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on  
them

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.  
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords, 25  
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,  
Who in unnecessary action swarm  
About our squares of battle, were enow  
To purge this field of such a hilding° foe,  
Though we upon this mountain's basis° by 30  
Took stand for idle speculation°:  
But that our honours must not. What's to say?  
A very little little let us do,

And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound  
 The tucket sonance° and the note to mount; 35  
 For our approach shall so much dare the field°  
 That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

*Enter GRANDPRÉ.*

*Grand.* Why do you stay so long, my lords of  
 France?

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,  
 Ill-favouredly° become the morning field: 40  
 Their ragged curtains° poorly° are let loose,  
 And our air shakes them passing° scornfully:  
 Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host  
 And faintly° through a rusty beaver° peeps:  
 The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks, 45  
 With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades  
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,  
 The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,  
 And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit°  
 Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless; 50  
 And their executors,° the knavish crows,  
 Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.  
 Description cannot suit itself in words  
 To demonstrate the life of° such a battle  
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself. 55

*Con.* They have said their prayers, and they stay  
for death.

*Dau.* Shall we go send them dinners and fresh  
suits

And give their fasting horses provender,  
And after fight with them ?

*Con.* I stay but for my guidon° : to the field !    60  
I will the banner from a trumpet° take,  
And use it for° my haste. Come, come, away !  
The sun is high, and we outwear° the day. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

#### *The English camp.*

*Enter* GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ERPINGHAM,  
*with all his host* : SALISBURY and WESTMORELAND.

*Glou.* Where is the king ?

*Bed.* The king himself is rode° to view their battle.°

*West.* Of fighting men they have full three score  
thousand.

*Exe.* There's five to one ; besides, they all are fresh.

*Sal.* God's arm strike with us ! 'tis a fearful odds.  
God be wi' you, princes all ; I'll to my charge :    6  
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,

Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,  
 My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,  
 And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu! 10

*Bed.* Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go  
 with thee!

*Exe.* Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:  
 And yet I do thee wrong to mind<sup>o</sup> thee of it,  
 For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.

*Bed.* He is as full of valour as of kindness; 15  
 Princely in both.

*Enter the KING.*

*West.* O that we now had here  
 But one ten thousand of those men in England  
 That do no work to-day!

*K. Hen.* What's he<sup>o</sup> that wishes so?  
 My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:  
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enow 20  
 To do our country loss; and if to live,  
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.  
 God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.  
 By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,  
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost<sup>o</sup>; 25  
 It yearns<sup>o</sup> me not if men my garments wear;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires:

But if it be a sin to covet honour,

I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England: 30

God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour

As one man more, methinks, would share from me

For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,

That he which<sup>o</sup> hath no stomach to<sup>o</sup> this fight, 35

Let him depart; his passport shall be made,

And crowns for convoy<sup>o</sup> put into his purse:

We would not die in that man's company

That fears his fellowship to die with us.<sup>o</sup>

This day is call'd the feast of Crispian<sup>o</sup>: 40

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,

Will stand a<sup>o</sup> tip-toe when this day is named,

And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He that shall live this day, and see old age,

Will yearly on the vigil<sup>o</sup> feast his neighbours, 45

And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'

Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,

And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,

But he'll remember with advantages<sup>o</sup> 50

What feats he did that day: then shall our names,

Familiar in his mouth as household words,  
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,  
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd. 55  
 This story shall the good man teach his son;  
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
 From this day to the ending of the world,  
 But we in it shall be remembered;  
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers; 60  
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,  
 This day shall gentle his condition°:  
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed 64  
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,  
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks  
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

*Re-enter* SALISBURY.

*Sal.* My sovereign lord, bestow° yourself with  
 speed:  
 The French are bravely° in their battles set,  
 And will with all expedience° charge on us. 70  
*K. Hen.* All things are ready, if our minds be so.  
*West.* Perish the man whose mind is backward  
 now!

*K. Hen.* Thou dost not wish more help from  
England, coz?

*West.* God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,  
Without more help, could fight this royal battle! 75

*K. Hen.* Why, now thou hast unwish'd five  
thousand men,  
Which likes me better than to wish us one.  
You know your places: God be with you all!

*Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.*

*Mont.* Once more I come to know of thee, King  
Harry,  
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,° 80  
Before thy most assured overthrow:  
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,  
Thou needs must be englutted.° Besides, in mercy,  
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind°  
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls 85  
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire°  
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies  
Must lie and fester.°

*K. Hen.*                      Who hath sent thee now?

*Mont.* The Constable of France.

*K. Hen.* I pray thee, bear my former answer back:  
Bid them achieve° me and then sell my bones. 97

Good God! why should they mock poor fellows  
thus?

The man that once did sell the lion's skin  
While the beast lived, was killed with° hunting him.  
A many° of our bodies shall no doubt 95

Find native° graves; upon the which, I trust,  
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;  
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,  
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,  
They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet  
them, 100

And draw their honours reeking° up to heaven,  
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,°  
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.  
Mark then abounding valour in our English,  
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing, 105  
Break out into a second course of mischief,  
Killing in relapse of mortality.°

Let me speak proudly: tell the constable  
We are but warriors for the working-day;  
Our gayness and our guilt are all besmirch'd 110  
With rainy marching in the painful field;  
There's not a piece of feather in our host —  
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly —  
And time hath worn us into slovenry°:



But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim°; 115  
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night  
They'll be in fresher robes,° or they will pluck  
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,  
And turn them out of service. If they do this, —  
As, if God please, they shall, — my ransom then 120  
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;  
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:  
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;  
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,  
Shall yield them little, tell the constable. 125

*Mont.* I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee  
well:

Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*]

*K. Hen.* I fear thou'lt once more come again for  
ransom.

*Enter YORK.*

*York.* My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg  
The leading of the vaward.° 130

*K. Hen.* Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers,  
march away:

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*The field of battle.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter PISTOL, French Soldier, and Boy.*

*Pist.* Yield, cur!

*Fr. Sol.* Je pense que vous<sup>o</sup> êtes gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

*Pist.* Qualtitie calmie custure me<sup>o</sup>! Art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss. 5

*Fr. Sol.* O Seigneur Dieu<sup>o</sup>!

*Pist.* O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman: Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark; O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,<sup>o</sup> Except, O signieur, thou do give to me 10 Egreious ransom.

*Fr. Sol.* O, prenez miséricorde<sup>o</sup>! ayez pitié de moi!

*Pist.* Moy<sup>o</sup> shall not serve; I will have forty moys; Or I will fetch thy rim<sup>o</sup> out at thy throat In drops of crimson blood. 15

*Fr. Sol.* Est-il impossible<sup>o</sup> d'échapper la force de ton bras?

*Pist.* Brass, cur!

Thou damned and luxurious<sup>o</sup> mountain goat,  
Offer'st me brass?

20

*Fr. Sol.* O pardonnez moi<sup>o</sup>!

*Pist.* Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?  
Come hither, boy: ask me<sup>o</sup> this slave in French  
What is his name.

*Boy.* Ecoutez<sup>o</sup>: comment êtes-vous appelé?

25

*Fr. Sol.* Monsieur le Fer.

*Boy.* He says his name is Master Fer.

*Pist.* Master Fer! I'll fer him, and fir<sup>o</sup> him, and  
ferret<sup>o</sup> him: discuss the same in French unto him.

*Boy.* I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, 30  
and fir.

*Pist.* Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.

*Fr. Sol.* Que dit-il, monsieur<sup>o</sup>?

*Boy.* Il me commande<sup>o</sup> de vous dire que vous faites  
vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette 35  
heure de couper votre gorge.

*Pist.* Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,  
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;  
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

*Fr. Sol.* O, je vous supplie,<sup>o</sup> pour l'amour de Dieu, 40  
me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison:  
gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.

*Pist.* What are his words?

*Boy.* He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give 45  
you two hundred crowns.

*Pist.* Tell him my fury shall abate, and I  
The crowns will take.

*Fr. Sol.* Petit monsieur, que dit-il°?

*Boy.* Encore qu'il est° contre son jurement de par- 50  
donner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que  
vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la  
liberté, le franchisement.

*Fr. Sol.* Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille re- 55  
mercîmens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé  
entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave,  
vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

*Pist.* Expound unto me, boy.

*Boy.* He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand 60  
thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath  
fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most  
brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of Eng-  
land.

*Pist.* As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.  
Follow me!

*Boy.* Suivez-vous° le grand capitain. [*Exeunt* PISTOL  
and French Soldier.] I did never know so full a voice  
issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, 65

‘The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.’ Bar-  
 dolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this 70  
 roaring devil i’ the old play,° that every one may pare  
 his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both  
 hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any  
 thing adventurously.° I must stay with the lackeys,  
 with the luggage of our camp: the French might have 75  
 a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none  
 to guard it but boys. [Exit.

## SCENE V.

*Another part of the field.*

*Enter* CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, BOURBON, DAUPHIN, *and*  
 RAMBURES.

*Con.* O diable°!

*Orl.* O Seigneur°! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

*Dau.* Mort de ma vie°! all is confounded,° all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes. O méchante fortune°! 5

Do not run away. [A short alarum.

*Con.* Why, all our ranks are broke.

*Dau.* O perdurable° shame! let’s stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play’d at dice for?

*Orl.* Is this the king we sent to for his ransom ?

*Bour.* Shame and eternal shame, nothing but  
shame! 10

Let us die in honour: once more back again ;

*Con.* Disorder, that hath spoil'd° us, friend° us  
now!

Let us on° heaps go offer up our lives.

*Orl.* We are enow yet living in the field  
To smother up the English in our throngs, 15  
If any order might be thought upon.

*Bour.* The devil take order now ! I'll to the throng:  
Let life be short; else shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE VI.

*Another part of the field.*

*Alarum.* Enter KING HENRY and forces, EXETER, and  
others.

*K. Hen.* Well have we done, thrice valiant coun-  
trymen:

But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

*Exe.* The Duke of York commends him to° your  
majesty.

*K. Hen.* Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this  
hour

I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting ; 5  
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

*Ere.* In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,  
Larding° the plain ; and by his bloody side,  
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing° wounds,  
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies. 10

Suffolk first died : and York, all haggled° over,  
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,°  
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes  
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,

And cries aloud 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk ! 15

My soul shall thine keep company to heaven ;

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,

As in this glorious and well-foughten° field

We kept together in our chivalry !'

Upon these words † came and cheer'd him up : 20

He smiled me in the face, raught° me his hand,

And, with a feeble gripe, says 'Dear my lord,

Commend my service to my sovereign.'

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck

He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips ; 25

And so espoused to death, with blood he seal'd

A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd

Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd ;

But I had not so much of man in me, 30  
 And all my mother came into mine eyes  
 And gave me up to tears.

*K. Hen.* I blame you not;  
 For, hearing this, I must perforce<sup>o</sup> compound<sup>o</sup>  
 With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. [*Alarum.*  
 But, hark! what new alarum<sup>o</sup> is this same? 35  
 The French have reinforced their scatter'd men:  
 Then every soldier kill his prisoners;  
 Give the word through.<sup>o</sup> [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE VII.

*Another part of the field.*

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

*Flu.* Kill the poys and the luggage<sup>o</sup>! 'tis expressly  
 against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery,  
 mark you now, as can be offer't; in your conscience,<sup>o</sup>  
 now, is it not?

*Gow.* 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive; and 5  
 the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done  
 this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried  
 away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the



king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king! 10

*Flu.* Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

*Gow.* Alexander the Great.

*Flu.* Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or 15 the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

*Gow.* I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as 20 I take it.

*Flu.* I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, 25 look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains. what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is 30 salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures<sup>o</sup> in all things. Alexander,

God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies,  
 and his wraths, and his cholers,<sup>o</sup> and his moods, and 35  
 his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a  
 little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his  
 angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

*Gow.* Our king is not like him in that: he never  
 killed any of his friends. 40

*Flu.* It is not well done, mark you now, to take the  
 tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I  
 speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as  
 Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales  
 and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his 45  
 right wits and his good judgements, turned away the  
 fat knight with the great-belly doublet<sup>o</sup>: he was full  
 of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have  
 forgot his name.

*Gow.* Sir John Falstaff. 50

*Flu.* That is he: I'll tell you there is good men  
 porn at Monmouth.

*Gow.* Here comes his majesty.

*Alarum.* *Enter* KING HENRY *and forces; WARWICK,*  
 GLOUCESTER, EXETER, *and others.*

*K. Hen.* I was not<sup>o</sup> angry since I came to France<sup>r</sup>  
 Until this instant. Take a trumpet,<sup>o</sup> herald; 55

Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:  
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,  
Or void<sup>o</sup> the field; they do offend our sight.  
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,  
And make them skirr<sup>o</sup> away, as swift as stones      60  
Enforced<sup>o</sup> from the old Assyrian slings.  
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,  
And not a man of them that we shall take  
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

*Enter* MONTJOY.

*Exe.* Here comes the herald of the French, my  
liege.      65

*Glou.* His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

*K. Hen.* How now! what means this, herald?  
know'st thou not

That I have fined<sup>o</sup> these bones of mine for ransom?  
Comest thou again for ransom?

*Mont.*      No, great king:

I come to thee for charitable license,      70  
That we may wander o'er this bloody field  
To book<sup>o</sup> our dead, and then to bury them;  
To sort our nobles from our common men.  
For many of our princes — woe the while! —  
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;      75

So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs  
 In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds  
 Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage  
 Yerk<sup>o</sup> out their armed heels at their dead masters,  
 Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king, 80  
 To view the field in safety, and dispose  
 Of their dead bodies!

*K. Hen.* I tell thee truly, herald,  
 I know not if the day be ours or no;  
 For yet a many of your horsemen peer  
 And gallop o'er the field.

*Mont.* The day is yours. 85

*K. Hen.* Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!  
 What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

*Mont.* They call it Agincourt.

*K. Hen.* Then call we this the field of Agincourt,  
 Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus. 90

*Flu.* Your grandfather of famous memory, an't  
 please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the  
 Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chroni-  
 cles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

*K. Hen.* They did, Fluellen. 95

*Flu.* Your majesty says very true: if your majes-  
 ties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good  
 service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing

leeks in their Monmouth caps°; which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service; and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.°

*K. Hen.* I wear it for a memorable honour;  
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

*Flu.* All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

*K. Hen.* Thanks, good my countryman.

*Flu.* By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the world: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

*K. Hen.* God keep me so! Our heralds go with  
him: 115  
Bring me just notice° of the numbers dead  
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to WILLIAMS. Exeunt Heralds with MONTJOY.*

*Exe.* Soldier, you must come to the king.

*K. Hen.* Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

*Will.* An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage<sup>o</sup> of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

*K. Hen.* An Englishman?

*Will.* An't please your majesty, a rascal that swag-gered with me<sup>o</sup> last night; who, if alive and ever dare <sup>125</sup> to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear: or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

*K. Hen.* What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it <sup>130</sup> fit this soldier keep his oath?

*Flu.* He is a craven<sup>o</sup> and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

*K. Hen.* It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort,<sup>o</sup> quite from the answer of his degree.<sup>c</sup> <sup>135</sup>

*Flu.* Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as ar-rant a villain and a Jack-sauce,<sup>o</sup> as ever his black shoe <sup>140</sup> trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la!

*K. Hen.* Then keep thy vow, sirrah,<sup>o</sup> when thou meetest the fellow.

*Will.* So I will, my liege, as I live.

*K. Hen.* Who° servest thou under?

*Will.* Under Captain Gower, my liege.

*Flu.* Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literated in the wars.

*K. Hen.* Call him hither to me, soldier 150

*Will.* I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon and myself were down together,° I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to 155 Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

*Flu.* Your grace doo's me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find him- 160 self aggrieved at this glove; that is all; but I would fain see it once, an't please God of his grace that I might see.

*K. Hen.* Knowest thou Gower?

*Flu.* He is my dear friend, an't please you. 165

*K. Hen.* Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

*Flu.* I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels : 170  
 The glove which I have given him for a favour<sup>o</sup>  
 May haply<sup>o</sup> purchase him a box o' th' ear ;  
 It is the soldier's ; I by bargain should  
 Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick :  
 If that<sup>o</sup> the soldier strike him, as I judge 175  
 By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,  
 Some sudden mischief may arise of it ;  
 For I do know Fluellen valiant,  
 And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,  
 And quickly will return an injury : 180  
 Follow, and see there be no harm between them.  
 Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE VIII.

*Before King Henry's pavilion.*

*Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.*

*Will.* I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

*Enter FLUELLEN.*

*Flu.* God's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the king : there is more good



toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

5

*Will.* Sir, know you this glove?

*Flu.* Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

*Will.* I know this, and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

*Flu.* 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England!

10

*Gow.* How now, sir! you villain!

*Will.* Do you think I'll be forsworn?

*Flu.* Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

*Will.* I am no traitor.

15

*Flu.* That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

*Enter WARWICK and GLOUCESTER.*

*War.* How now, how now! what's the matter?

*Flu.* My Lord of Warwick, here is — praised be God for it! — a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

20

*Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.*

*K. Hen.* How now! what's the matter?

*Flu.* My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, 25  
look your grace, has struck the glove which your  
majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

*Will.* My liege, this was my glove; here is the  
fellow<sup>o</sup> of it; and he that I gave it to<sup>o</sup> in change  
promised to wear it in his cap. I promised to strike 30  
him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his  
cap, and I have been as good as my word.

*Flu.* Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's  
manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy  
knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony 35  
and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the  
glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me; in  
your conscience, now.

*K. Hen.* Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is  
the fellow of it.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; 40  
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.<sup>o</sup>

*Flu.* And please your majesty, let his neck answer  
for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

*K. Hen.* How canst thou make me satisfaction?

*Will.* All offences, my lord, come from the heart: 45  
never came any from mine that might offend your  
majesty.

*K. Hen.* It was ourself thou didst abuse.

*Will.* Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness<sup>o</sup>; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you to take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me. 50

*K. Hen.* Here, uncle, Exeter, fill this glove with crowns, 55

And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;

And wear it for an honour in thy cap

Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:

And, captain, you must needs be friends with him. 60

*Flu.* By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles,<sup>o</sup> and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you. 65

*Will.* I will none of your money.

*Flu.* It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good: 'tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it. 70

*Enter an English Herald.*

*K. Hen.* Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

*Her.* Here is the number of the slaughter'd  
French.

*K. Hen.* What prisoners of good sort<sup>o</sup> are taken,  
uncle?

*Exe.* Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the  
king; 75

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:  
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,  
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

*K. Hen.* This note<sup>o</sup> doth tell me of ten thousand  
French  
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this  
number, 80

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead  
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,  
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,  
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,  
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd<sup>o</sup> knights: 85  
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,  
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;  
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,  
And gentlemen of blood and quality.

The names of those their nobles that lie dead: 90  
 Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;  
 Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;  
 The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;  
 Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard  
 Dolphin,

John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,  
 The brother to the Duke of Burgundy, 96  
 And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,  
 Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,  
 Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrале.  
 Here was a royal fellowship of death! 100  
 Where is the number of our English dead?

[Herald shows him another paper.

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,  
 Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:  
 None else of name<sup>o</sup>; and of all other men  
 But five and twenty.<sup>o</sup> O God, thy arm was here; 105  
 And not to us, but to thy arm alone,  
 Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,  
 But in plain shock and even play of battle,  
 Was ever known so great and little loss  
 On one part and on th' other? Take it, God, 110  
 For it is none but thine!

*Exe.*

'Tis wonderful!

*K. Hen.* Come, go we in procession to the village:  
 And be it death proclaimed through our host  
 To boast of this or take that praise from God  
 Which is his only. 115

*Flu.* Is it not lawful, an't please your majesty, to  
 tell how many is killed?

*K. Hen.* Yes, captain; but with this acknowledge-  
 ment,  
 That God fought for us.

*Flu.* Yes, my conscience, he did us great good. 120

*K. Hen.* Do we all holy rites;  
 Let there be sung 'Non nobis<sup>o</sup>' and 'Te Deum<sup>o</sup>';  
 The dead with charity enclosed in clay:  
 And then to Calais; and to England then;  
 Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men. 125  
[ *Exeunt.*

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## ACT FIFTH. — PROLOGUE.

*Enter* CHORUS.

*Chor.* Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,  
 That I may prompt them: and of such as have,  
 I humbly pray them to admit the excuse<sup>o</sup>  
 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,

Which cannot in their huge and proper life° 5  
Be here presented. Now we bear the king  
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,  
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts  
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach  
Pales in° the flood with men, with wives, and boys, 10  
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd  
sea,

Which like a mighty whiffler° 'fore the king  
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,  
And solemnly see him set on to London.  
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now 15  
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;  
Where that his lords desire him to have borne  
His bruised helmet and his bended sword  
Before him through the city: he forbids it,  
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride; 20  
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent°  
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,  
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,  
How London doth pour out her citizens!  
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,° 25  
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,  
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,  
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in;

As, by a lower but loving likelihood,<sup>o</sup>  
 Were now the general<sup>o</sup> of our gracious empress, 30  
 As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,  
 Bringing rebellion broached<sup>o</sup> on his sword,  
 How many would the peaceful city quit,  
 To welcome him ! much more, and much more cause,  
 Did they this Harry. Now in London place him ; 35  
 As yet the lamentation of the French  
 Invites the King of England's stay at home ;  
 The emperor's<sup>o</sup> coming in behalf of France,  
 To order peace between them ; and omit  
 All the occurrences, whatever chanced, 40  
 Till Harry's back return again to France :  
 There we must bring him ; and myself have play'd  
 The interim, by remembering<sup>o</sup> you 'tis past.  
 Then brook abridgement,<sup>o</sup> and your eyes advance,  
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France. 45  
[Exit.

## SCENE I.

*France. The English camp.*

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

*Gow.* Nay, that's right ; but why wear you your leek to-day ? Saint Davy's day is past.



*Flu.* There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things : I will tell you, asse my friend, Captain Gower : the rascally, scauld,<sup>o</sup> beggarly, lousy, 5  
pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek : it was in a place where I could not breed 10  
no contention with him ; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

*Enter* PISTOL.

*Gow.* Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock. 15

*Flu.* 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol ! you scurvy, lousy knave. God pless you.

*Pist.* Ha ! art thou bedlam<sup>o</sup> ? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,<sup>o</sup>  
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web<sup>o</sup> ? 20  
Hence ! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

*Flu.* I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek : because, look you, you do not love

it, nor your affections and your appetites and your dis- 25  
gestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to  
eat it.

*Pist.* Not for Cadwallader<sup>o</sup> and all his goats.

*Flu.* There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*]

Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it? 30

*Pist.* Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

*Flu.* You say very true, scauld knave, when God's  
will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and  
eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes*  
*him.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but 35  
I will make you to-day a squire of low degree.<sup>o</sup> I  
pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat  
a leek.

*Gow.* Enough, captain: you have astonished<sup>o</sup> him.

*Flu.* I say, I will make him eat some part of my 40  
leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray  
you; it is good for your green wound and your ploody  
coxcomb.

*Pist.* Must I bite?

*Flu.* Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of 45  
question too, and ambiguities.

*Pist.* By this leek, I will most horribly revenge:  
I eat and eat, I swear —

*Flu.* Eat, I pray you: will you have some more

sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear 50  
by.

*Pist.* Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

*Flu.* Much good do you, scauld knave, heartily.  
Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for  
your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to 55  
see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is  
all.

*Pist.* Good.

*Flu.* Ay, leeks is good: hold you, there is a groat<sup>o</sup>  
to heal your pate. 60

*Pist.* Me a groat!

*Flu.* Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or  
I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

*Pist.* I take thy groat in earnest<sup>o</sup> of revenge.

*Flu.* If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in 65  
cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing  
of me but cudgels. God b' wi' you, and keep you, and  
heal your pate. [*Exit.*

*Pist.* All hell shall stir for this.

*Gow.* Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. 70  
Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an  
honourable respect<sup>o</sup> and worn as a memorable trophy  
of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch<sup>o</sup> in your  
deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking

and galling° at this gentleman twice or thrice. You 75  
 thought, because he could not speak English in the  
 native garb,° he could not therefore handle an English  
 cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a  
 Welsh correction teach you a good English condition.°  
 Fare ye well. [Exit.

*Pist.* Doth Fortune play the huswife° with me now?  
 News have I, that my Doll is dead i' the spital 82  
 Of malady of France;  
 And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.  
 Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs 85  
 Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn,  
 And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.  
 To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:  
 And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,  
 And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. 90

[Exit.

## SCENE II.

*France. A royal palace.*

*Enter, at one door, KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another, the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, ALICE, and other Ladies; the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, and his train.*

*K. Hen.* Peace to this meeting, wherefore<sup>o</sup> we are met!

Unto our brother France, and to our sister,  
Health and fair time of day<sup>o</sup>; joy and good wishes  
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;  
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,           5  
By whom this great assembly is contrived,  
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;  
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

*Fr. King.* Right joyous are we to behold your face,  
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:           10  
So are you, princes English, every one.

*Q. Isa.* So happy be the issue, brother England,  
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,  
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;

Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them 15  
 Against the French, that met them in their bent,<sup>o</sup>  
 The fatal balls of murdering basilisks<sup>o</sup> :  
 The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,  
 Have<sup>o</sup> lost their quality, and that this day  
 Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love. 20

*K. Hen.* To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

*Q. Isa.* You English princes all, I do salute you.

*Bur.* My duty to you both, on equal love,<sup>o</sup>  
 Great Kings of France and England! That I have  
 labour'd,

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,  
 To bring your most imperial majesties 26  
 Unto this bar<sup>o</sup> and royal interview,  
 Your mightiness<sup>o</sup> on both parts best can witness.  
 Since then my office hath so far prevail'd  
 That, face to face and royal eye to eye, 30  
 You have congreeted,<sup>o</sup> let it not disgrace me,  
 If I demand, before this royal view,  
 What rub<sup>o</sup> or what impediment there is,  
 Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,  
 Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births, 35  
 Should not in this best garden of the world,  
 Our fertile France, put up<sup>o</sup> her lovely visage?  
 Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,

And all her husbandry<sup>o</sup> doth lie on heaps,<sup>o</sup>  
Corrupting in its own fertility. 40  
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,  
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,<sup>o</sup>  
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,  
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas  
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory 45  
Doth root upon, while that the coulter<sup>o</sup> rusts  
That should deracinate<sup>o</sup> such savagery<sup>o</sup>;  
The even mead, that erst<sup>o</sup> brought sweetly forth  
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,  
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected,<sup>o</sup> rank, 50  
Conceives by idleness,<sup>o</sup> and nothing teems  
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies,<sup>o</sup> burs,  
Losing both beauty and utility.  
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,  
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness, 55  
Even so our houses and ourselves and children  
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,  
The sciences that should become our country;  
But grow like savages, — as soldiers will  
That nothing do but meditate on blood, — 60  
To swearing and stern looks, diffused<sup>o</sup> attire,  
And every thing that seems unnatural.  
Which to reduce into our former favour<sup>o</sup>

You are assembled: and my speech entreats  
 That I may know the let,<sup>o</sup> why gentle Peace 65  
 Should not expel these inconveniences  
 And bless us with her former qualities.

*K. Hen.* If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the  
 peace,  
 Whose want gives growth to the imperfections  
 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace 70  
 With full accord<sup>o</sup> to all our just demands;  
 Whose tenours and particular effects<sup>o</sup>  
 You have enscheduled<sup>o</sup> briefly in your hands.

*Bur.* The king hath heard them; to the which as  
 yet  
 There is no answer made.

*K. Hen.* Well then the peace, 75  
 Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.

*Fr. King.* I have but with a cursorary<sup>o</sup> eye  
 O'erglanced the articles: pleaseth your grace  
 To appoint some of your council presently,  
 To sit with us once more, with better heed . 80  
 To re-survey them, we will suddenly  
 Pass our accept<sup>o</sup> and peremptory answer.

*K. Hen.* Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,  
 And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,  
 Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king; 85



And take with you free power to ratify,  
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best  
Shall see advantageable° for our dignity,  
Any thing in or out of our demands,  
And we'll consign° thereto. Will you, fair sister,      96  
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

*Q. Isa.* Our gracious brother, I will go with them:  
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,  
When articles too nicely° urged be stood on.°

*K. Hen.* Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:  
She is our capital demand, comprised      96  
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

*Q. Isa.* She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all except HENRY, KATHARINE, and ALICE.*

*K. Hen.* Fair Katharine, and most fair,  
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms°  
Such as will enter at a lady's ear      100  
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

*Kath.* Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot  
speak your England.

*K. Hen.* O fair Katharine, if you will love me  
soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to 105  
hear you confess it brokenly with your English  
tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

*Kath.* Pardonnez-moi,° I cannot tell vat is ‘like me.’

*K. Hen.* An angel is like you, Kate, and you are 110  
like an angel.

*Kath.* Que dit-il°? que je suis semblable à les anges?

*Alice.* Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.

*K. Hen.* I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not 115  
blush to affirm it.

*Kath.* O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

*K. Hen.* What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits? 120

*Alice.* Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

*K. Hen.* The princess is the better Englishwoman. I’ faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if 125  
thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say ‘I love you:’ then if you urge me farther than to say ‘Do you in faith?’ I wear out my 130  
suit.° Give me your answer; i’ faith, do: and so clap hands° and a bargain: how say you, lady?

*Kath.* Sauf votre honneur,° me understand vell.

*K. Hen.* Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me°: 135 for the one, I have neither words nor measure°; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging 140 be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet° for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes,° never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly° nor gasp out my eloquence, nor 145 I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, 150 let thine eye be thy cook.° I speak to thee plain soldier°: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and un- 155 coined constancy°; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places:

for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a 160 prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall°; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the 165 sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray 170 thee.

*Kath.* Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

*K. Hen.* No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should 175 love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

*Kath.* I cannot tell vat is dat.

180

*K. Hen.* No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a

new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Je quand° sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi, — let me see, 185 what then? Saint Denis be my speed! — done votre est France et vous êtes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me. 190

*Kath.* Sauf votre honneur,° le Français que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglais lequel je parle.

*K. Hen.* No, faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely,° must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost 195 thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me?

*Kath.* I cannot tell.

*K. Hen.* Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at 200 night, when you come into your closet,° you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. 205 If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scamb-

ling,° and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. What sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce°?

210

*Kath.* I do not know dat.

*K. Hen.* No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part, and for my English moiety° take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, <sup>215</sup> la plus belle Katharine° du monde, mon très-cher et devin déesse?

*Kath.* Your majestee ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

*K. Hen.* Now, fie upon my false French! By mine <sup>220</sup> honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thòu lovest me; yet my blood° begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering° effect of my visage. Now, beshrew° my father's ambition! he was thinking of <sup>225</sup> civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, <sup>230</sup> can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me,

if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say 'Harry of England, I am thine:' which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud 'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine;' who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English; wilt thou have me?

*Kath.* Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.

*K. Hen.* Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

*Kath.* Den it sall also content me.

250

*K. Hen.* Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

*Kath.* Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puisant seigneur.

*K. Hen.* Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

*Kath.* Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur nocés, il n'est pas la coutume de France. 260

*K. Hen.* Madam my interpreter, what says she?

*Alice.* Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France, — I cannot tell vat is baiser en Anglish.

*K. Hen.* To kiss.

*Alice.* Your majesty entendre bettre que moi.° 265

*K. Hen.* It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

*Alice.* Oui, vraiment.°

*K. Hen.* O Kate, nice° customs courtesy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined 270 within the weak list° of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently 275 and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes 280 your father.



*Re-enter the FRENCH KING and his QUEEN, BURGUNDY,  
and other Lords.*

*Bur.* God save your majesty! my royal cousin,  
teach you our princess English?

*K. Hen.* I would have her learn, my fair cousin,  
how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.      285

*Bur.* Is she not apt?

*K. Hen.* Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condi-  
tion<sup>o</sup> is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice  
nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure  
up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his 290  
true likeness.

*Bur.* Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer  
you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must  
make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true  
likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you 295  
blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the  
virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance  
of a naked blind boy? It were,<sup>o</sup> my lord, a hard condi-  
tion for a maid to consign to.<sup>o</sup>

*K. Hen.* Yet they do wink<sup>o</sup> and yield, as love is 300  
blind and enforces.

*Bur.* They are then excused, my lord, when they  
see not what they do.

*K. Hen.* Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking. 305

*Bur.* I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide,<sup>o</sup> blind, though they have their eyes.

*K. Hen.* This moral ties me over to time and a hot 310 summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

*Bur.* As love is, my lord, before it loves.

*K. Hen.* It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair 315 French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

*Fr. King.* Yes, my lord, you see them perspectivèly,<sup>o</sup> the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered. 320

*K. Hen.* Shall Kate be my wife?

*Fr. King.* So please you.

*K. Hen.* I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will. 325

*Fr. King.* We have consented to all terms of reason.<sup>o</sup>

*K. Hen.* Is't so, my lords of England?

*West.* The king hath granted every article:  
His daughter first, and then in sequel<sup>o</sup> all,      330  
According to their firm proposed natures.<sup>o</sup>

*Exe.* Only he hath not yet subscribed this:  
Where your majesty demands, that the King of  
France, having any occasion to write for matter of  
grant,<sup>o</sup> shall name your highness in this form and with 335  
this addition,<sup>o</sup> in French, Notre très-cher fils<sup>o</sup> Henri,  
Roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de France; and thus in  
Latin, Præclarissimus filius<sup>o</sup> noster Henricus, Rex  
Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ.

*Fr. King.* Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,      340  
But your request shall make me let it pass.

*K. Hen.* I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,  
Let that one article rank with the rest<sup>o</sup>;  
And thereupon give me your daughter.

*Fr. King.* Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise  
up      345  
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms  
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale  
With envy of each other's happiness,  
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction<sup>o</sup>  
Plant neighbourhood<sup>o</sup> and Christian-like accord      350  
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance  
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

*All.* Amen!

*K. Hen.* Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me witness all,  
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. 355

[*Flourish.*]

*Q. Isa.* God, the best maker of all marriages,  
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!  
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,  
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms, such a spousal,  
That never may ill offence,° or fell jealousy, 360  
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,  
Thrust in between the paction° of these kingdoms,  
To make divorce of their incorporate league;  
That English may as French, French Englishmen,  
Receive each other. God speak this Amen! 365

*All.* Amen!

*K. Hen.* Prepare we for our marriage: on which  
day,  
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,  
And all the peers', for surety° of our leagues.  
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me; 370  
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Sennet. Exeunt.*]

## EPILOGUE.

*Enter* CHORUS.

*Chor.* Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,  
Our bending<sup>o</sup> author hath pursued the story,  
In little room confining mighty men,  
Mangling by starts<sup>o</sup> the full course of their glory.  
Small time, but in that small most greatly lived 5  
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;  
By which the world's best garden<sup>o</sup> he achieved,  
And of it left his son imperial lord.  
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands<sup>o</sup> crown'd King  
Of France and England, did this king succeed; 10  
Whose state so many had the managing,  
That they lost France and made his England bleed:  
Which oft our stage hath shown<sup>o</sup>; and, for their sake,  
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.<sup>o</sup>

[*Exit.*



## NOTES.

### ACT I, PROLOGUE.

- LINE 4. **Swelling.** Growing in interest as the play proceeds.
6. **Port.** Bearing or appearance.
9. **Flat unraised spirits.** Dull and uninspired.
11. **Cockpit.** Properly a pit for a cock fight; here used contemptuously for the floor of the theatre.
12. **Vasty.** Vast, a frequent usage in Shakespeare. Cf. II, 2, 123.
13. **This wooden O.** The Globe Theatre, which was built of wood and was circular inside.
16. **Attest.** Stand for.
17. **Accompt.** Account.
18. **Imaginary.** Imaginative.
25. **Puissance.** Military force or army.
- 30-31. **Turning the accomplishment, etc.** Bringing within the limits of an hour events which have taken many years to accomplish.

### SCENE I.

This scene is based on the following passages in Holinshed: "In the second yeare of his reigne, king Henrie called his high court of parlement, the last daie of Aprill in the towne of Leicester, in

which parlement manie profitable lawes were concluded, and manie petitions mooued, were for that time deferred. Amongst which, one was, that a bill exhibited in the parlement holden at Westminster in the eleuenth yeare of king Henrie the fourth (which by reason the king was then troubled with ciuill discord, came to none effect) might now with good deliberation be pondered, and brought to some good conclusion. The effect of which supplication was, that the temporall lands deuoutlie giuen, and disordinatlie spent by religious, and other spirituall persons, should be seized into the kings hands, sith the same might suffice to mainteine, to the honor of the king, and defense of the realme, fifteene earles, fifteene hundred knights, six thousand and two hundred esquires, and a hundred almesse-houses, for reliefe onelie of the poore, impotent, and needie persons, and the king to haue cleerelie to his coffers twentie thousand pounds, with manie other prouisions and values of religious houses, which I passe ouer."

"This bill was much noted, and more feared among the religious sort, whom suerlie it touched verie neere, and therefore to find remedie against it, they determined to assaie all waies to put by and ouerthrow this bill: wherein they thought best to trie if they might mooue the kings mood with some sharpe inuention, that he should not regard the importunate petitions of the commons."

1. **Self.** Same.
3. **Was like.** Was likely to pass.
4. **Scambling.** Scrambling. Cf. V, 2, 208.
5. **Question.** Consideration or debate.
7. **On.** Of, as often in Shakespeare.
10. **Testament.** Will or bequest.
15. **Lazars.** Beggars.



16. **Indigent faint souls.** Poor and weak persons. **Corporal** Corporeal or bodily.

22. **Full of grace and fair regard.** Virtuous and fair-minded.

26. **Mortified.** Killed or dead. Cf. *Macbeth*, V, 2, 3-5:—

“For their dear causes  
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm  
Excite the mortified man.”

28. **Consideration.** Reflection or thoughtfulness. Notice the allusion to the Bible story of the expulsion from Eden of Adam and Eve.

34. **Heady currance.** Overpowering current.

35. **Nor never.** The double negative is common in Shakespeare. **Hydra-headed.** Many-headed, like the fabled Hydra.

36. **His. Its.** Cf. 66. **All at once.** Although this phrase applies here in the modern sense, it meant in Shakespeare's time *everything else*, and probably has that meaning here.

38. **Divinity.** Theology.

41. **Commonwealth affairs.** Affairs affecting the common welfare; public matters.

43. **List.** Listen to.

45. **Cause of policy.** Question of public concern or government policy.

46. **Gordian knot.** Apparently unsolvable difficulty. An allusion to the story of the famous knot in Gordium, Phrygia, which, according to an oracle, could be untied only by him who was to be the conqueror of Asia. Alexander the Great cut it with his sword and declared that the prediction had been realized.

47. **Familiar.** Familiarly. **That.** So that.

48. **Charter'd libertine.** Exempt by charter or other legal restraint from control. Libertine is here used in its original sense of freeman. Cf. *As You Like It*, II, 7, 47-49: —

“I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please.”

51-59. **So that the art, etc.** “His theory must have been taught by art and practice; which, says he, is strange, since he could see little of the true art or practice among his loose companions, nor ever retired to digest his practice into theory.”

—JOHNSON, quoted by Rolfe.

51. **Practic.** Practical.
52. **Theoric.** Theory.
55. **Companies.** Companions.
57. **Never noted.** *There was omitted.*
59. **Popularity.** Association with the common people.
66. **Crescive in his faculty.** Having the power of increase.
- His.** Cf. 36, *note*.
73. **Swaying more upon our part.** Inclining rather to our side.
74. **Cherishing the exhibitors.** Favoring the movers or supporters of the bill.
76. **Upon.** In accordance with the decrees of.
77. **In regard of causes.** On account of matters.
78. **Open'd.** Set forth.
86. **The several and unhidden passages.** The details and clear evidences.
88. **Seat.** Throne. Cf. 2, 269.

## SCENE II.

2. **Uncle.** “The person addressed here was Thomas Beaufort, Earl of Dorset, who was half-brother to King Henry IV, being one of the sons of John of Gaunt by Katharine Swynford. He was not made Duke of Exeter until after the battle of Agincourt, Nov. 14, 1416.” — MALONE, quoted by Rolfe.

4. **Resolved.** Freed from ignorance.

10. **Religiously.** Scrupulously.

11. **Law Salique.** “The verie words of that supposed law are these, *In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant*, that is to saie, into the Salike land let not women succeed.” — HOLINSHED.

12. **Or . . . or.** Either . . . or.

14. **Reading.** Interpretation.

15-17. **Or nicely charge, etc.** “Take heed, lest by nice and subtle sophistry you burthen your knowing soul, or *knowingly burthen your soul*, with the guilt of advancing a false title, or of maintaining, by specious fallacies, a claim which, if shown in its native or true colours, would appear to be false.”

— JOHNSON, quoted by Rolfe.

16. **Miscreate.** Illegitimate.

19. **Approbation.** Proving.

21. **Impawn.** Pledge or engage.

28. **Mortality.** Human life.

37. **Pharamond.** According to legend, the first king of France ; said to have lived in the fifth century.

40. **Gloze.** Interpret, often with the added idea of sophistry.

42. **Female bar.** Bar against women.

46. **Charles the Great.** Charlemagne, King of France, 768-814.

57. **Four hundred one and twenty years.** Rolfe calls attention to the fact that Shakespeare's arithmetic is here at fault. If Pharamond died in 426 and Charles the Great occupied the land beyond the Sala in 805, the interval would be 379 years instead of 421.

58. **Defunction.** Death.

59. **Idly.** Erroneously.

65. **Which.** Who, in Shakespeare used of persons as well as lower animals and inanimate things. Cf. IV, 3, 35.

66. **Heir general.** Legal heir, irrespective of whether descent is through the male or the female line.

67. **Of.** From.

72. **Fine.** To make fine, give a gloss to, make specious.

73. **Naught.** Worthless.

74. **Conveyed himself.** Represented himself.

75. **Charlemain.** Used here of Charles the Bald, grandson of Charles the Great, or Charlemagne.

77. **Lewis the Tenth.** This should be Lewis the Ninth. The error is due to Holinshed, whom Shakespeare follows closely here.

82. **Lineal of.** Directly descended from.

88. **King Lewis his.** A common method of indicating the possessive form in Elizabethan English.

91. **Howbeit.** Although.

94. **Imbar.** The reading here is doubtful. The first two folios have *imbarre*, the first two quartos *imbace*, and the third quarto *imbrace*. *Imbare* was suggested by Warburton, and has been followed by several editors. With the reading *imbar*, Schmidt explains the passage as follows: "They strive to exclude you, instead of excluding amply, *i.e.* without restriction or subterfuge, their own false titles." Mr. W. A. Wright, taking *imbar* to mean "to bar

in" or "secure," explains the lines thus: "The Kings of France, says the Archbishop, whose own right is derived only through the female line, prefer to shelter themselves under the flimsy protection of an appeal to the Salic law, which would exclude Henry's claim, instead of fully securing and defending their own titles by maintaining that though, like Henry's, derived through the female line, their claim was stronger than his."

100. **Descend unto the daughter.** That is, in case no son survives.

103. **Great-grandsire's.** Edward III's.

107. **Making defeat on.** Destroying. Cf. *Hamlet*, II, 2, 597-598:—

"Upon whose property and most dear life  
A damned defeat was made."

108. **Whiles.** While. The allusion is to Holinshed's account of the battle of Cressy, which is as follows: "The earle of Northampton and others sent to the king, where he stood aloft on a windmill-hill; the king demanded if his sonne were slaine, hurt, or felled to the earth. No, said the knight that brought the message, but he is sore matched. Well, (said the king,) returne to him and them that sent you, and saie to them, that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, so long as my son is alive; for I will that this journeye be his, with the honour thereof. The slaughter of the French was great and lamentable at the same battle, fought the 26th August, 1346."

111. **Entertain.** Meet in hostile encounter.

114. **Cold for action.** Either cold owing to lack of action, or indifferent to action.

119. **Runs.** Note the singular verb with the double subject, a common construction in Shakespeare.

128-129. **Whose hearts have left their bodies, etc.** Who are in imagination already campaigning in France.

132. **Spirituality.** Clergy.

137. **Lay down our proportions.** Calculate or assign the necessary forces. Cf. 304.

138. **Make road.** Make inroad.

139. **With all advantages.** Under favorable conditions.

140. **Marches.** Border districts.

143. **Coursing snatchers.** Swift-riding plunderers.

144. **Main intendment.** General purpose.

145. **Still.** Always or ever; the regular meaning in Shakespeare. **Giddy.** Excitable.

148. **Unfurnish'd.** Unprotected.

150. **Ample and brim fulness.** Brim would be printed with fulness as one word, but for the adjective ample, which also modifies the noun.

151. **Galling.** Annoying. **Gleaned.** Drained of soldiers. **Assays.** Attacks.

153. **That.** Cf. 1, 47, *note*.

154. **Shook.** Shaken. The use of the past tense form for the past participle is common in Shakespeare. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, I, 2, 48:—

“ Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion.”

**Neighbourhood.** Neighborliness.

155. **Fear'd.** Frightened. This transitive use of fear is frequent in Shakespeare. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, II, 1, 8-9:—

“ This aspect of mine  
Hath fear'd the valiant.”

156. **Exampl'd.** Illustrated.
160. **Impounded as a stray.** Confined in a pen or pound like a strayed animal.
161. **The King of Scots.** David Bruce, taken prisoner at the battle of Nevill's Cross, 1346, by the English army under Queen Philippa, during Edward III's absence in France.
164. **Ooze and bottom.** Oozy or muddy bottom; a pair of nouns where we should expect a noun and its modifying adjective.
165. **Treasuries.** Treasures.
169. **In prey.** Engaged in the pursuit of prey.
173. **Havoc.** Destroy.
175. **Crush'd.** Forced. The quarto reading here is *curst* = bitter or sharp, which is followed by Rolfe.
179. **Advised.** Wise or wary.
181. **Put into parts.** Arranged in harmony like music. **Doth keep in one consent.** Preserves harmonious unity.
182. **Congreeing in a full and natural close.** Blending in a complete and natural musical cadence.
184. **In.** Into.
186. **Butt.** Target.
189. **Act of order.** Orderly action.
190. **Sorts.** Different kinds or ranks.
194. **Make boot upon.** Pillage.
199. **Civil.** Orderly.
200. **Mechanic.** Belonging to the class of manual laborers.
202. **Sad-eyed.** Serious or sober-looking.
203. **Executors.** Executioners.

206. **Consent.** Guiding principle or object.
210. **Dial's.** Sun-dial's.
217. **Powers.** Military forces. Cf. II, 2, 15.
220. **The name of hardiness and policy.** The reputation for courage and shrewdness.
222. **Resolved.** Convinced, relieved of doubts. Cf. 4.
226. **Empery.** Sovereignty.
228. **Urn.** Used loosely for grave. An allusion to the ancient practice of cremating bodies, and preserving the ashes in urns.
232. **Turkish mute.** An allusion to the practice of some Oriental rulers of employing as household servants men whose tongues have been cut out to prevent their betraying secrets.
233. **Worshipp'd.** Honored. **Waxen.** Easily effaced or forgotten.
235. **Cousin.** Often used in Shakespeare by persons of high rank in speaking of or to each other.
239. **Sparingly show you far off.** Sparing your feelings, explain to you indirectly.
242. **Grace.** Virtuous disposition of mind.
245. **In few.** In few words.
251. **Be advised.** Consider.
252. **Galliard.** A lively dance.
254. **Meeter.** More fitting.
255. **In lieu of.** In return for.
258. **Tennis-balls.** Of this episode Holinshed says: "Whilest in the Lent season the king laie at Killingworth, there came to him from Charles Dolphin of France certeine ambassadors, that brought with them a barrell of Paris balles which from their maister they presented to him for a token that was taken in



verie ill part, as sent in scorne, to signifie that it was more meet for the king to passe the time with such childish exercise, than to attempt any worthie exploit. Wherefore the K. wrote to him, that yer ought long, he would tosse him some London balles that perchance should shake the walles of the best court in France."

263. **Shall strike.** The relative is here omitted, as often in Shakespeare.

264. **Wrangler.** Opponent.

266. **Chaces.** Tennis matches, or, perhaps, points in a tennis match. *Chace* was a technical term used in tennis, though its exact meaning is not clear. See Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* and Dyce's *Glossary to Shakespeare*.

267. **Comes o'er us.** Reminds us, twits us.

269. **Seat.** Cf. 1, 88.

270. **Hence.** Away from the court.

274. **Sail of greatness.** Greatness of sail = dignity and power.

276. **For that.** With that end in view.

277. **For working days.** During working days.

282. **Gun stones.** Cannon balls were first made of stone.

296. **More.** The position is peculiar; *more* really modifies *thousands*.

300. **Omit no happy hour.** Allow no fortunate hour to pass.

304. **Proportions.** Cf. 137.

307-310. **More feathers to our wings.** Note that the closing lines of the scene are in rhyme; this is a common device in Shakespeare.

307. **God before.** God going before as guide.

## ACT II, PROLOGUE.

2. **Silken dalliance.** The silken clothes worn in dalliance or light social intercourse.

6. **Mirror of all Christian kings.** The king is like a mirror in that he reflects the good qualities of all other sovereigns.

8-10. **For now sits Expectation, etc.** The poet imagines the goddess poised in air, holding a sword whose blade is hung with crowns and coronets, the trophies of his victories over foreign enemies.

12. **Advised by good intelligence.** Warned by trustworthy information.

14. **Pale policy.** Policy dictated by fear, hence pale.

19. **Kind.** True to their nature. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, 2, 65:—

“A little more than kin, and less than kind.”

20. **Fault.** Defect.

26. **Gilt—guilt.** Punning was a favorite diversion of the Elizabethans, and is frequent in Shakespeare's earlier plays. Cf. *Macbeth*, II, 2, 56-57.:—

“I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt.”

27. **Fearful.** Full of fear, frightened.

28. **Grace of kings.** The embodiment of all kingly graces or accomplishments.

31. **We'll digest.** This is the folio reading. Pope's suggestion, *well digest*, is followed by some editors. *Digest* = reduce to nothing, accept.

32. **Abuse of distance.** Violent change of scene from London to Southampton. **Force a play.** Make a strong effort of imagination, so that a play may be possible.

39. **Pass.** Passage.

## SCENE I.

3. **Ancient.** A corruption of *ensign*, originally a standard bearer. Note that in 41, Bardolph calls Pistol "lieutenant."

6. **There shall be smiles.** Probably said ironically.

8. **Wink.** Shut the eyes. Cf. V, 2, 300. **Iron.** Sword.

9. **Toast cheese.** Cf. *King John*, IV, 3, 98-99:—

"Put up thy sword betime,  
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting iron."

12. **Bestow.** Provide or furnish.

13. **We'll be all three sworn brothers to France.** We'll all three go to France as sworn brothers.

17. **Rest.** Intention or resolution. **That is the rendezvous of it.** Slang, not to be interpreted too strictly; "That's what it amounts to."

21. **Troth-plight.** Betrothed.

22-27. **I cannot tell, etc.** Nym here throws out vague threats which he has not the courage to put into execution.

31. **Tike.** Cur.

38. **Lady.** A shortened form of *By our Lady*, a mild oath to the Virgin Mary.

39. **Wilful adultery.** A humorous touch; the ignorant hostess here uses language that she does not understand.

42. **Offer nothing.** Commit no violence.

44. **Iceland dog.** A curly, rough-haired dog, used as a lap-dog.
46. **Thy.** Note that *your* is used in the next clause. *Your* was at this time beginning to supplant *thy* in ordinary usage.
48. **Shog.** Jog or move.
49. **Solus.** Merely the Latin for alone, but mistaken by the illiterate Pistol as some term of opprobrium.
50. **Mervailous.** Marvellous; another of Pistol's high-sounding words.
52. **Perdy.** Truly; a corruption of the French *par dieu*.
55. **Take.** Catch fire. **Cock.** The hammer of a gun or a pistol. Pistol is here punning on his own name.
57. **Barbason.** A devil. Cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, II, 2, 311-313:—

“Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer well; Barbason well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends.”

You cannot conjure me. Pistol's ranting speech reminds Nym of the meaningless jargon of a conjurer.

58. **Humour.** Notion or idea. **To knock you indifferently well.** To give you a good beating.

58-60. **If you grow foul, etc.** Like Pistol above, Nym here employs the language of one used to firearms. *Foul* is the regular word used for a dirty gun, and *scour* the word for cleaning it.

62. **That's the humour of it.** That's the idea; more of Nym's slang.

65. **Exhale.** Draw your sword.

69. **Mickle.** Great.

71. **Tall.** Valiant.

74. **Couple a gorge.** Pistol's French for *couper la gorge*.

76. **Hound of Crete.** Simply another of Pistol's high-sounding phrases.

77. **Spital.** Hospital. Cf. V, 1, 82.

78. **Powdering-tub.** An allusion to the hot tub-bath used in treating certain diseases.

79. **Lazar kite of Cressid's kind.** Steevens has pointed out that this is an echo from Gascoigne's *Dan Bartholomew of Bathe*, 1587:—

“Not seldom seen in kits of Cressid's kinde.”

It has been suggested that *kite*, the reading of the text, may be a mistake for *kit* = cat. Cressida, the Trojan maiden who deserted her sweetheart Troilus for the Greek Diomedes, is a stock example among the poets of a woman false in love.

81. **Quondam Quickly.** The former Mrs. Quickly.

82. **The only she.** Cf. *Twelfth Night*, I, 5, 259:—

“Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive.”

**Pauca.** In brief.

91. **Presently.** Immediately. Cf. III, 2, 55.

101. **Compound.** Agree. Cf. IV, 3, 80, and IV, 6, 33.

106. **An.** If.

111. **A noble.** An ancient English coin worth 6s 8d, or about

\$1.68. **Present.** Immediate.

115. **Sutler.** One who retails provisions to the soldiers.

122. **Of.** By.

123. **Quotidian tertian.** Here the hostess confuses her language. *Quotidian* was applied to a fever which recurred daily; *tertian*, to one that recurred at intervals of three days.

125. **Run bad humours on the knight.** Made him put up with bad humour; ill-treated.

126. That's the even of it. That's what it comes to. Cf. *Rezevous*, 17.

128. Fracted. Broken. Corroborate. More of Pistol's meaningless bombast.

130. Passes some humours and careers. The idea is that the king has treated Falstaff badly. *Career* is sometimes used of devious or uncertain movements, as of a drunken man; sometimes of the sudden turning of a horse.

131. Condole. Mourn.

#### SCENE II.

2. By and by. Soon.

3. Even. Calm.

7. Interception. Means of intercepting their communications.

8. The man that was his bedfellow. An allusion to Lord Scroop, who, according to Holinshed "was in such favour with the king, that he admitted him sometime to be his bedfellow."

15. Powers. Cf. I, 2, 217, *note*.

17. Doing the execution and the act. Accomplishing the purpose.

18. In head. In an organized force.

22. Grows not in a fair consent. Is not in proper agreement.

25. Better fear'd and loved. More feared and better loved. One adjective used to give comparative force to two words is a common construction in Shakespeare.

31. Create. Cf. *Miscreate*, I, 2, 16.

34. Quittance. Reward or payment.

40. Enlarge. Release. Committed. Imprisoned.

43. On his more advice. Now that he has had time for reflection; or, possibly, after further reflection about him.

44. **Security.** Careless confidence. Cf. *Macbeth*, III, 5, 32-33:—

“And you all know security  
Is mortals’ chiefest enemy.”

46. **By his sufferance.** By your toleration of him.

51. **Correction.** Punishment. Cf. *correct*, I, 2, 191.

53. **Heavy orisons.** Weighty petitions.

54. **Proceeding on distemper.** Committed while in a state of mental derangement.

55. **How shall we stretch our eye.** How wide shall we open our eyes.

58. **Dear.** Tender or loving

61. **Late.** Lately appointed. **Commissioners.** Representatives of the king during his absence in France.

63. **It.** An appointment; the pronoun has no expressed antecedent.

73. **Complexion.** Color.

74. **Paper.** The color of paper. Cf. *Henry IV*, V, 4, 12:—

“Thou paper-faced villain!”

76. **Out of appearance.** Out of sight. **Fault.** Crime. Cf. 142.

79. **Quick.** Alive. Cf. *Hamlet*, V, 1, 137:—

“’Tis for the dead, not for the quick.”

87. **Appertinents.** Things pertaining to.

90. **Practices.** Plots, designs.

92. **Bounty.** Kindness.

95. **Ingrateful.** Ungrateful.

102. **Annoy.** Injure.

103. **Gross.** Plainly.

105. Kept. Associated.

106. Either's. Each other's.

107-108. Working so grossly, etc. Working so palpably in a cause that seemed natural to them that they excited no cry of wonder.

108. Admiration. Wonder.

109. Proportion. Sense of propriety or seemliness.

113. Hath got the voice. Has won the vote or award.

117. Glistening. Glistening. Shakespeare never uses *glisten*.

Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, II, 7, 65 :—

“ All that glisters is not gold.”

118. Temper'd thee. Fashioned thee to his purpose.

119. Instance. Reason.

120. Dub. Used originally of conferring knighthood ; then of bestowing dignity or title upon one. Here used ironically.

122. Lion gait. See *I Peter*, v, 8 : “ Be sober, be vigilant ; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.”

123. Vasty. Cf. PROLOGUE, 12, *note*. Tartar. Tartarus, the lower world of ancient mythology.

124. Legions. Hordes of devils.

126. Jealousy. Suspicion.

127. Affiance. Confidence, trust. Show. Appear. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, IV, 1, 196-197 :—

“ And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice.”

133. Blood. Passions.



134. **Complement.** Outward appearance.

135-136. **Not working with the eye, etc.** Not trusting the evidence of the eye until it has been supported by that of the ear, and trusting neither until weighed by unbiassed judgment.

137. **Finely bolted.** Thoroughly sifted or refined.

139. **Full-fraught.** Fully equipped or accomplished. **Best endowed.** Most richly endowed.

142. **Faults.** Cf. 76, *note*. **Open.** Apparent.

151. **Discover'd.** Disclosed or revealed; the regular meaning in Shakespeare.

155. **For.** As for. Cf. 4, 113.

159. **Which.** At which. **In sufferance.** Even while suffering the penalty; that is, dying.

166. **Quit.** Absolve.

169. **Earnest.** Payment made as pledge of complete payment when the deed agreed upon was committed.

175. **Tender.** Cherish or regard.

181. **Dear.** Grievous.

183. **Like.** Equally.

188. **Rub.** Hindrance or obstacle; a word applied in the game of bowls to an irregularity in the ground which was likely to deflect the ball. Cf. *Hamlet*, III, 1, 65: "Ay, there's the rub"; also *Macbeth*, III, 1, 134: "To leave no rubs nor botches in the work."

191. **Putting it straight in expedition.** Putting it immediately in motion.

192. **Cheerly.** Cheerily. **Signs of war advance.** Raise the standards or banners of war.

## SCENE III.

1-2. **Bring thee.** Accompany thee.

2. **Staines.** "The first stage on the road from London to Southampton." — WRIGHT'S NOTE.

3. **Yearn.** Mourn. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, II, 2, 128-129: —

"That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,  
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!"

7. **Wheresome'er.** Wherever.

9-10. **Arthur's bosom.** Probably Mrs. Quickly's mistake for Abraham's bosom.

10. 'A. He; in this sense, common in Shakespeare.

12. **Christom.** Chrisom, the white cloth placed by the clergyman on the head of a child at baptism, and in which it was shrouded if it died within a month after birth. **Parted.** Departed or died.

16-17. 'A **babbled of green fields.** The famous emendation of Theobald, called by Warburton "the most felicitous conjectural emendation ever made of Shakespeare's text." The folio reading is "a Table of greene fields."

27. **Of.** Against. **Sack.** A word applied loosely to Spanish and Canary wine.

33. **Carnation.** Another of Mrs. Quickly's blunders. Incarnate was sometimes used for carnation, as is evident from the *Inventory of the Furniture to be provided for the Reception of the Royal Family at the Restoration, 1660*: "the rich incarnate velvet bed;" and "his majesty's incarnate velvet bed."

35. **About.** On account of his dealings with.

37. **Handle.** Have to do with.



26. **Idly kinged.** Has such a trifler for king.
28. **Humorous.** Capricious.
29. **Attends.** Accompanies.
31. **Question your grace.** Let your grace question.
34. **Modest in exception.** Modest in taking exception or disagreeing. **Withal.** Furthermore.
36. **Forespent.** Spent beforehand.
37. **Roman Brutus.** Lucius Junius Brutus, who was said to have feigned madness to conceal his design of plotting against and expelling the Tarquins from Rome.
41. **Well, 'tis not so.** For the purpose of argument I will admit that you are right.
45. **So the proportions of defence are filled.** Provided the necessary numbers for defence are supplied.
46. **Which of a weak or niggardly projection.** Which if planned in a niggardly way.
48. **Think we.** Let us think.
50. **Hath been fleshed upon us.** Has been fed upon us. Cf. III, 3, 11, *note*.
51. **Strain.** Race or lineage.
- 54-55. **When Cressy battle fatally, etc.** Shakespeare seems to have confused Cressy with Poitiers, for the French king was not taken in the former battle.
56. **Black name:** Black or hostile to the French.
57. **Mountain sire.** *Mountain* is probably a corrupt reading; if right, it means firm, unyielding.
64. **Fate of him.** The fate or destiny in store for him.
67. **Present.** Cf. 1, 111, *note*.
69. **Turn head.** A hunting phrase applied to a deer at bay.

70. Most spend their mouths. Bark loudest.
72. Short. Shortly or curtly.
80. 'Long. Belong.
83. Ordinance of times. The enactments of generations.
85. Sinister. Left-handed, morally indirect. Awkward. Something turned the wrong way, hence, perverted.
88. Line. Pedigree.
89. Demonstrative. Capable of proof.
90. Willing you overlook. Wishing you to look over.
91. Evenly. Directly.
94. Indirectly. Wrongfully.
95. Native. Natural. Challenger. Claimant.
101. Requiring. Asking.
102. Bids you in the bowels of the Lord. Exhorts you as you expect the mercy of God. The bowels were regarded as the seat of mercy and compassion.
113. For. Cf. 2, 155, *note*.
120. An if. And if.
121. In grant of all demands at large. By generally granting all demands.
- 124-126. That caves and womby vaultages, etc. So that the caves of France shall proclaim your offence and return your mockery by reechoing the sound of his cannon.
124. Womby vaultages. Vaulted caverns.
125. Chide your trespass. Proclaim your offence.
129. Odds. Strife.
136. Greener. Younger, inexperienced.
137. Masters. Possesses.
143. Is footed. Has landed.
145. Breath. Breathing space.

## ACT III, PROLOGUE.

1. Imagined wing. With the speed of the imagination.
4. Well-appointed. Well-equipped.
5. Royalty. Majesty. **Brave.** Of handsome appearance.
6. The young Phœbus fanning. Fanning the face of the sun-god Phœbus ; *fanning* agrees grammatically with *fleet*.
10. **Threaden.** An adjective formed from the noun thread. Cf. *wooden*.
11. **With.** By. Cf. 20.
14. **Rivage.** Bank, shore (French *rivage*).
17. **Harfleur.** A seaport on the northern coast of France, near the mouth of the Seine.
18. **Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy.** Compel your minds to follow this fleet.
20. **With.** Cf. 11.
21. **Pith and puissance.** Manly strength and power.
24. **Choice-drawn.** Picked, carefully selected.
30. **To.** As or for.
32. **Likes.** Pleases. Cf. *Hamlet*, V, 2, 276 : —

“ This likes me well.”

33. **Linstock.** The stick to which was fixed the match for firing a cannon. **Chambers** (stage direction). Small cannon used on the stage.

## SCENE I.

8. **Hard-favour'd.** Hard-featured.
10. **Portage.** Port-hole.

11. **O'erwhelm.** Overhang.  
 12. **Galled.** Washed by the sea.  
 13. **Jutty.** Jut or project beyond. **Confounded.** Destroyed, worn away.  
 14. **Swilled with.** Swallowed by.  
 16. **Bend up every spirit.** Summon every particle of strength and courage. The figure is from the bending of a bow. Cf. *Macbeth*, I, 7, 79-80 :—

“I am settled, and bend up  
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.”

18. **Fet.** Fetched, inherited. **War-proof.** Proved or tried in war.  
 21. **For lack of argument.** For lack of anything more to fight about. The implication is that their opponents were disposed of.  
 22. **Attest.** Prove.  
 24. **Grosser.** Of inferior quality.  
 31. **Slips.** Leashes, or nooses, in which the dog was held before the hunt began.  
 32. **Straining upon the start.** Straining to start.

## SCENE II.

2. **Corporal.** In II, 1, 2, Nym calls Bardolph “lieutenant.”  
 3. **Case.** A set, or perhaps a pair; as a case of pistols.  
 5. **Plain-song.** Simple air without variations; here = truth.  
 6-7. **Humours do abound.** There are queer things going on.

8-11. Knocks go and come, etc. Probably scraps from old ballads.

15-19. If wishes would prevail, etc. More tags from ballads.

18. Truly. Probably a reflection on the honesty of his companions.

20. Avaunt. Begone (French *avant* = forward).

21. Cullions. A low term of abuse ; rascals.

22. Duke. A bit of Pistol's rant. Men of mould. Men of common earth.

25. Bawcock. Fine fellow (French *beau coq* = fine bird).

Chuck. A term of endearment applied to both sexes.

26. These be good humours. These are fine doings ; spoken ironically.

29. Swashers. Braggarts, bullies.

31. Antics. Buffoons.

32. White-livered. Cowardly. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, III, 2, 83-86 :—

“ How many cowards . . .

Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk.”

40. Good. Valiant.

43. Purchase. An Elizabethan euphemism for theft.

45. Calais. A slip on Shakespeare's part ; the army has not been to Calais.

47. Carry coals. Slang for endure affronts. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, I, 1, 1 :—

“ Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.”

49-50. Makes much against my manhood. Is an insinuation against my courage.



51. Plain pocketing up of wrongs. Taking insults without resentment.

55. Presently. Cf. II, 1, 91, *note*.

62. Discuss. Tell; not used in this sense by well-bred persons in Shakespeare. Cf. IV, 1, 37.

62-63. Is digt himself, etc. A slip on Shakespeare's part. It was the business of the English to mine the walls of the French, who would, in turn, dig countermines under the mines of the English.

64. Plow. The Welshman's pronunciation of *blow*. Notice that throughout the scenes in which Fluellen appears his peculiarities of dialect are only suggested, not indicated with consistent exactness.

72. In his beard. To his face.

78. Expedition. Probably experience. Fluellen uses English so loosely that he must not be taken too accurately.

85. God-den. Good evening.

88. Pioners. Pioneers. Given o'er. Given up work.

104. Quit. Repay.

105. Marry. A mild, broken-down form of an oath by the Virgin Mary.

115. Mess. Mass.

118-119. That is the breff and the long. That is the long and the short of it.

120. Question. Discussion.

123-125. Of my nation, etc. The incoherence of these lines may be meant to convey the agitation of the speaker, or there may be some corruption of the text. Some editors emend the passage thus:—

“Of my nation! What ish my nation? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal.”

135. You will **mistake each other**. You insist on misunderstanding each other.

139. **Required**. Obtained.

### SCENE III.

2. Parle. Parley.

7. Battery. Attack.

11. Flesh'd. Hardened by feeding on flesh. Cf. II, 4, 50, *note*.

17. Fell feats. Cruel or fierce deeds.

24. Bootless. Vainly.

25. In their spoil. Engaged in plunder.

26. Precepts. Commands. Leviathan. Whale.

28. Of. On.

29. Whiles. While; a common form in Shakespeare. Cf. 39, and *Macbeth*, II, 1, 60: “Whiles I threat he lives.” **In my command**. Within my control.

30. Grace. Divine influence.

31. O'erblows. Blows away.

32. Heady. Headstrong.

37. To. Against.

40. Break the clouds. A poetical exaggeration. **Jewry**. Judea.

41. At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen. An allusion to the slaughter of the innocents; *Matthew*, ii, 16-18.

43. Guilty in defence. Wrong in defending.

56. Upon. Among.

58. **Addrest**. In readiness.

## SCENE IV.

Some critics maintain that this scene was not written by Shakespeare. It is quite possible, of course, that he required assistance in writing the French, but there seems no good reason for rejecting the scene as not his. Its light humor and grace form an agreeable contrast to the seriousness of the scenes which immediately precede and follow; it enables the dramatist to introduce, if only briefly, female characters, of which there are almost none in the play; and it gives the audience a glimpse of the Princess Katharine, who has been mentioned in the prologue.

The scene may be freely translated as follows:—

*Kath.* Alice, you have been in England, and you speak the language well.

*Alice.* A little, madam.

*Kath.* I beg you, teach me; I must learn to speak it. What do you call the hand in English?

*Alice.* The hand? It is called “de hand.”

*Kath.* “De hand.” And the fingers?

*Alice.* The fingers? By my faith, I forget the [word for] fingers; but I shall remember. The fingers? I think that they are called “de fingres”; yes, “de fingres.”

*Kath.* The hand, “de hand”; the fingers, “de fingres.” I think that I am a good scholar; I have acquired two words of English quickly. What do you call the nails?

*Alice.* The nails? We call them “de nails.”

*Kath.* “De nails.” Listen; tell me if I speak well: “de hand,” “de fingres,” and “de nails.”

*Alice.* It is well said, madam; it is very good English.

*Kath.* Tell me the English for the arm.

*Alice.* "De arm," madam.

*Kath.* And the elbow.

*Alice.* "De elbow."

*Kath.* "De elbow." I will repeat all the words you have taught me so far.

*Alice.* It is too difficult, madam, I think.

*Kath.* Excuse me, Alice; listen: "de hand," "de fingres," "de nails," "de arma," "de bilbow."

*Alice.* "De elbow," madam.

*Kath.* Oh Lord, I forget! "de elbow." What do you call the neck?

*Alice.* "De neck," madam.

*Kath.* "De nick." And the chin?

*Alice.* "De chin."

*Kath.* "De sin." The neck, "de nick"; the chin, "de sin."

*Alice.* Yes. Pardon me, but truly, you pronounce the words as correctly as the natives of England.

*Kath.* I don't doubt at all being able to learn, by God's grace, and in a short time.

*Alice.* Haven't you already forgotten what I have taught you?

*Kath.* No, I will recite to you promptly: "de hand," "de fingres," "de mails, —"

*Alice.* "De nails," madam.

*Kath.* "De nails," "de arm," "de ilbow."

*Alice.* Pardon me, "de elbow."

*Kath.* So I said; "de elbow," "de nick," and "de sin." What do you call the foot and the gown?

*Alice.* "De foot," madam; and "de coun."

*Kath.* "De foot," and "de coun"! I will recite again my lesson all together: "de hand," "de fingres," "de nails," "de arm," "de elbow," "de nick," "de sin," "de foot," "de coun."

*Alice.* Excellent, madam!

*Kath.* That's enough for once: let's go to dinner.

## SCENE V.

2. *Withal.* Emphatic form of with.
5. *Dieu vivant.* Living God. **Sprays.** Branches of the original stock.
6. *Luxury.* Lust.
7. *Scions.* Shoots used in grafting.
9. *Overlook.* Look down upon.
11. *Mort de ma vie.* Death of my life.
13. *Slobbery.* Wet and foul.
14. *Nook-shotten.* Full of nooks or corners. *Albion.* England. *Albyn* was the ancient Gaelic name for Scotland, and was later applied to the whole island of Britain.
15. *Dieu de batailles.* God of battles. **Where have they.** Whence get they.
17. *Despite.* Spite.
18. *Sodden water.* A contemptuous term for beer and ale.
19. *Drench.* Drink. **Sur-rein'd jades.** Over-ridden horses. **Barley-broth.** Another contemptuous epithet for beer.
20. *Decoct.* Warm.
21. *Spirited with.* Stimulated by.
28. *Madams.* Wives and sweethearts.
29. *Bred out.* Become degenerate.

31. *Lavoltas, corantos.* Lively dances.

37. *More sharper.* The double comparative is common in Shakespeare. Cf. *Hamlet*, II, 1, 11-12 :—

“Come you more nearer  
Than your particular demands will touch it.”

45. For your great seats. For the sake of your eminent positions. Quit you. Rid yourselves.

50. Void his rheum. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, I, 3, 118 :—

“You that did void your rheum upon my beard.”

58. For achievement. In place of victory.

#### SCENE VI.

2. *Bridge.* Over the river Ternoise at Blangy. King Henry crossed this bridge the night before the battle of Agincourt, after driving off some French troops who were attempting to destroy it.

26. *Buxom.* Lively.

31. *Muffler.* Bandage.

40. *Pax.* “A symbol of peace, which, in the ceremony of the mass, was given to be kissed at the time of the offering.” — NARES.

Holinshed mentions the hanging of a soldier for stealing not a *pax*, but a *pix*, the box in which the Host, or consecrated wafer, was kept. The error may be due to Shakespeare or to the printer.

57. *Figo.* Spanish for fig, an expression of contempt, accompanied by a coarse gesture.

60. *The fig of Spain.* See 57, *note*.

62. *Arrant.* Out and out, thorough.

68. Gull. Fool.
69. Grace himself. Give himself dignity.
71. Perfect in. Thoroughly acquainted with.
72. You. Practically redundant; an obscure dative construction.
73. Sconce. Fortification, bulwark.
75. Stood on. Insisted on.
76. Con. Learn.
77. New-tuned. New-found.
- 77-78. A beard of the general's cut. Certain classes and professions seem to have been distinguished by the peculiar cut of the beard.
81. Slanders of the age. Scandals of the time.
87. From. With news from, about.
103. Bubukles. Red pimples; a corrupt word formed partly from *carbuncle* and partly from *bubo*.
104. **Whelks**. Protuberances. **Tucket** (stage direction). A trumpet signal. **Montjoy**. Not a family name, but the official title of the chief herald.
115. Habit. The dress peculiar to the herald.
123. Bruise an injury. Squeeze a boil.
124. Upon our cue. According to our cue, in our turn; an actor's phrase.
126. Sufferance. Forbearance.
127. Proportion. Be in proportion to.
129. Digested. Put up with.
132. Faint. Small, insignificant.
139. Quality. Profession.
144. Impeachment. Hindrance. Sooth. Truth.

146. Vantage. Possessing the advantage.  
 154. Blown. Caused to blossom.  
 158. God before. Cf. I, 2, 307, *note*.  
 160. There's for thy labor. The king gives him money.  
 162. Well advise himself. Consider carefully.

## SCENE VII.

According to the folio the Dauphin is introduced here, though in Scene v the French king has commanded him to remain at court. The error may be a slip of Shakespeare's, or a mistake of the editors of the folio.

1. Of. In.  
 3. An excellent armour. An excellent suit of armor; a regular idiom in Shakespeare.  
 9. Of. With.  
 13-14. As if his entrails were hairs. As if he were stuffed with hair like mediæval tennis balls.  
 14. Le cheval volant. The leaping or flying horse. Pegasus. The fabled steed of Bellerophon in the classic myth.  
 14-15. Chez les narines de feu. With the nostrils of fire.  
 18. Pipe of Hermes. An allusion to the mythical account of the charming to sleep of the hundred-eyed Argus, by the music of Hermes.  
 26. Absolute. Faultless.  
 36. Argument. Subject matter.  
 39. Functions. Activities.  
 45. Jade. Contemptuous word for horse; a broken-down animal.



47. **Wears his own hair.** An allusion to the custom, very prevalent in Shakespeare's time, of wearing false hair.

50-51. **Le chien est retourné, etc.** The dog has returned to his own vomit, and the washed sow to her puddle.

60. **A many.** Now obsolete, though we still have "a few."

67-68. **Faced out of my way.** Outfaced.

69. **Fain.** Gladly.

70. **Go to hazard.** Gamble, bet. In the next line the phrase is used in the sense of go into danger, run risks.

96. **But his lackey.** The implication is that the Dauphin has never exercised his valor on anybody but his lackey. **Hooded.** An allusion to the custom of keeping a hood over the hawk's head before it was let go at the game.

97. **Bate.** Abate; a pun on *bait*, used of a hawk's flapping its wings when unhooded.

103. **Placed.** Said.

109. **Overshot.** Outshot, beaten.

117. **Peevish.** Silly, childish.

118. **Fat-brained.** Stupid.

118-119. **To mope . . . so far out of his knowledge.** To get so far beyond reason and reflection; to make such an error of judgment.

120. **Apprehension.** Intelligence.

127. **Winking.** With their eyes shut.

132. **Do sympathize with.** Are similar to.

133. **Robustious.** Stout, sturdy. **Coming on.** Onset.

137. **Shrewdly.** Badly.

## ACT IV, PROLOGUE.

1. **Entertain conjecture.** Imagine.
2. **Poring dark.** Straining the eyes to see.
5. **Stilly.** Quietly, softly.
8. **Fire answers fire.** The camp fires are so near that they seem like reflections of one another. **Paly.** Pale.
9. **Battle.** Army. **Umber'd.** Shadowed by the firelight.
12. **Accomplishing.** Arming.
14. **Closing rivets up.** The bottom of the casque was often riveted to the top of the cuirass after they had been put on.
18. **Over-lusty.** Too lively, too confident.
19. **Play.** Play for.
24. **Inly.** Inwardly.
- 25-28. **And their gesture sad,** etc. The meaning here is doubtful, and the text may be corrupt. The passage may, perhaps, be paraphrased thus : Their serious demeanor, taken in connection with their hollow cheeks and war-worn garments, makes them appear in the moonlight like horrid ghosts.
35. **Note.** Sign of.
36. **Enrounded.** Surrounded.
- 37-38. **Nor doth he dedicate,** etc. Nor does he show loss of color because he has been up all night.
38. **All-watched.** Spent in wakefulness.
39. **Over-bears attain.** Overcomes signs of weariness.
43. **Largess.** Royal bounty.
46. **As may unworthiness define.** As far as unworthy abilities may be able to represent it ; an apology for the stage presentation.
47. **A little touch of Harry.** A faint dash or spice of what Harry was.

50. Foils. Rapiers or swords used in fencing.  
 51. Ill-disposed. Badly handled.  
 53. Minding. Calling to mind.

## SCENE I.

7. Husbandry. Economy. Cf. *Macbeth*, II, 1, 4-5:—

“There’s husbandry in heaven ;  
 Their candles are all out.”

8. They. The French.  
 10. Dress us. Prepare ourselves.  
 15. Churlish. Rough, inhospitable.  
 19. Upon example. On account of the example set by another.  
 22. Drowsy grave. Grave of drowsiness.  
 23. Casted slough. Skin cast off ; used of a snake. Legerity.  
 Nimbleness.  
 26. Anon. Presently.  
 34. God-a-mercy. A corruption of *God have mercy* ; a pious exclamation.  
 35. Qui va la. Who goes there.  
 37. Discuss. Talk or tell ; put into the mouths of low characters. Cf. III, 2, 62, *note*.  
 38. Popular. Of the people, vulgar.  
 39. Gentleman of a company. A doubtful phrase ; maybe a kind of officer, though not a high officer, otherwise he would not carry a pike ; perhaps a member of a volunteer company.  
 40. Pike. A long, heavy spear carried by foot-soldiers.  
 44. Bawcock. Cf. III, 2, 25, *note*.  
 45. Imp. Scion or twig used for grafting.

48. Bully. Fine fellow.

54-55. I'll knock his leek, etc. The wearing of a leek in the cap by Welshmen is said to date from a famous victory over the Saxons in 540, when they were commanded to wear the emblem by Saint Davy. Saint Davy's day is March 1.

60. Figo. Cf. III, 6, 57, *note*.

63. Sorts. Agrees.

66. Admiration. Wonder.

72. Ceremonies. Forms.

80. In your own conscience. Answer me as your conscience dictates. Cf. 7, 4.

83. Out of fashion. Peculiar.

95. Estate. State, situation.

102. Element. Sky. Shows. Appears.

103. Conditions. Qualities. Ceremonies. Ceremonials and forms of state, also insignia.

105. Affections. Passions, feelings. Higher mounted. Mount higher.

107. Reason of fears. Reasons for fear.

108. Relish. Taste, quality.

115. At all adventures. At any risks.

116. So we were quit here. If only we were out of this.

117. By my troth. By my faith. Conscience. Honest opinion.

136. Latter. Last.

138. Upon. About.

140. Rawly. Unprovided for. Cf. *Macbeth*, IV, 3, 26: —

“Why in that rawness left you wife and child.”

Afeared. Afraid; frequent in Shakespeare.

142. When blood is their argument. When engaged in bloody business.

145. Against all proportion of subjection. Contrary to all that is becoming in a subject.

146-147. About merchandise. On a business errand.

147. Do sinfully miscarry. Is lost while still a sinner.

152. Irreconciled. Unatoned.

154. Bound to answer. Held responsible for.

159. Arbitrement. Decision.

161. Contrived. Planned beforehand.

166. Native punishment. Punishment in their own country.

170. In now the king's quarrel. In the king's present quarrel.

173. Unprovided. Unprepared.

175. Visited. Punished.

185-186. Every man that dies ill, etc. The construction is confused here, but the meaning is clear.

197. Elder-gun. Pop-gun.

199. Go about. Try.

202. Something too round. Somewhat too blunt.

207. Gage. Pledge of a challenge. Cf. 7, 121.

214. Take. Give.

222. Enow. Enough ; used with the plural.

224-228. Indeed, the French, etc. The joke here turns on the pun on French crown, a slang phrase for a bald head.

226. Cut. Clip.

230. Careful. Careworn, anxious.

233. Breath. Criticism.

235. Wringing. Suffering.

237. **Privates.** Private citizens.
242. **What are thy comings in.** What is thy income ?
244. **Thy soul of adoration.** The essence of the worship paid to thee.
245. **Degree.** Rank.
253. **Titles blown from adulation.** Complimentary phrases uttered by flatterers.
254. **Flexure.** Bowing.
259. **Balm.** Anointing oil used at the coronation. **Ball.** Carried in the left hand of the sovereign as a sign of worldly dominion. Cf. *Macbeth*, IV, 1, 120-121 :—

“ And some I see  
That twofold balls and triple sceptres carry.”

261. **Intertissued.** Interwoven.
262. **Farced.** Stuffed ; long and elaborate.
269. **Distressful.** Hard-earned.
272. **In the eye of Phœbus.** Under the sun's rays.
273. **Sleeps in Elysium.** Sleeps happily, like one in the Elysian fields, according to ancient mythology the abode of the blessed after death.
274. **Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse.** Is up before the sun-god has set off in his chariot.
278. **Winding up.** Passing.
279. **Had.** Would have. **Fore-hand.** Advantage.
280. **Member.** Sharer.
281. **Gross.** Dull, coarse. **Wots.** Knows.
283. **The peasant best advantages.** Most benefits the peasant.
287. **Shall.** Modern idiom would require *will* here.

293. *Compassing*. Obtaining.

294. *Richard's body*. The body of Richard II, deposed, imprisoned, and probably murdered in 1399. He was succeeded by Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster, who ascended the throne as Henry IV.

300. *Chantries*. Chapels. *Sad*. Grave.

301. *Still*. Constantly.

## SCENE II.

2. *Montez à cheval*. Mount on horseback.

4. *Via ! les eaux et la terre*. Away ! water and earth.

5. *Rien puis ? l'air et le feu*. Nothing more ? Air and fire ; an allusion to the mediæval belief in the four elements, earth, air, fire, water.

6. *Ciel*. Heaven.

11. *Dout*. Do out, overcome.

14. *Embattled*. In battle array.

18. *Shales*. Shells.

21. *Curtle-axe*. Cutlass, short sword.

29. *Hilding*. Cowardly ; generally used as a noun = low menial.

30. *Basis*. Base.

31. *Speculation*. On-looking.

35. *Tucket sonance*. Sounding of a *tucket* or flourish.

36. *Dare the field*. A phrase from falconry, meaning to frighten the game into helplessness.

40. *Ill-favouredly*. Having a poor appearance.

41. *Ragged curtains*. Torn banners. *Poorly*. Timidly.

42. *Passing*. An abbreviated form of surpassing ; here = exceedingly.

44. **Faintly.** **Timidly.** **Beaver.** The movable part of the helmet covering the face ; often, as here, used of the helmet itself.

49. **Gimmel bit.** A bit made of rings.

51. **Executors.** Those who dispose of the remains or belongings of the dead.

54. **Demonstrate the life of.** Portray the reality of.

60. **Guidon.** **Standard.** Of this incident Holinshed says : " They thought themselues so sure of victorie, that diuerse of the noble men made such hast towards the battell, that they left manie of their seruants and men of warre behind them, and some of them would not once staie for their standards : as amongst other the duke of Brabant, when his standard was not come, caused a baner to be taken from a trumpet and fastened to a speare, the which he commanded to be borne before him in steed of his standard."

61. **Trumpet.** Trumpeter. Cf. 7, 55.

62. **For.** On account of.

63. **Outwear.** Waste.

### SCENE III.

2. **Is rode.** This use of the past form for the past participle is common in Shakespeare. **Battle.** Cf. IV, Prologue, 9, *note*.

13. **Mind.** Remind.

18. **What's he?** Who is he?

25. **Upon my cost.** At my expense.

26. **Yearns.** Grieves. Cf. II, 3, 3, *note*.

35-36. **That he . . . Let him depart.** Note change of construction.

35. **Which.** Cf. I, 2, 65, *note*. **To.** For.

37. **Convoy.** Travelling expenses.



39. That fears his fellowship to die with us. That fears his share in the chance of dying with us.

40. The feast of Crispian. October 25. The brothers, Crispin and Crispian, were early Christian missionaries who died for their faith in France. As they were shoemakers, they were made the tutelary saints of the shoemakers.

42. A. On.

45. Vigil. The night before the festival.

50. Advantages. Additions, interest.

63. Gentle his condition. Raise him to the rank of gentleman.

68. Bestow yourself. Take your position.

69. Bravely in their battles set. Showily arranged in their battalions.

70. Expedience. Haste.

80. Compound. Make an agreement. Cf. II, 1, 101, and IV, 6, 33.

83. Englutted. Swallowed up.

84. Mind. Cf. 13.

86. Retire. Retirement, withdrawal.

88. Fester. Decay.

91. Achieve. Capture, or perhaps, kill.

94. With. In the course of, while.

95. A many. Cf. III, 7, 60, *note*.

96. Native graves. Graves at home.

101. Reeking. Rising like mist or steam.

102. Choke your clime. Pollute your atmosphere.

107. In relapse of mortality. In deadly rebound.

114. Slovenry. Slovenliness.

115. In the trim. In good trim.

117. Robes. Clothes.

130. Vaward. Vanguard.

## SCENE IV.

2-3. *Je pense que vous*, etc. I think that you are a gentleman of good quality.

4. *Qualtitie calmie custure me*. This reading is probably corrupt, for *Calen o Custure me*, or *Callino Casturame*, is the title of an old Elizabethan song. *Callino* is evidently a corruption of the Irish *colleen* = girl.

6. *O Seigneur Dieu*. O Lord God.

9. *Fox*. Slang for sword.

12. *O, prenez miséricorde*, etc. Oh, take pity! Have pity on me!

13. *Moy*. Pistol's meaning here is doubtful; but he evidently alludes to some kind of money.

14. *Rim*. Entrails.

16. *Est-il impossible*, etc. Is it impossible to escape the force of your arm?

19. *Luxurious*. Lustful.

21. *O pardonnez-moi*. Oh, pardon me!

23. *Me*. For me.

25. *Ecoutez*, etc. Listen, what is your name?

28. *Firk*. Beat.

29. *Ferret*. Worry as a ferret worries game.

33. *Que dit-il, monsieur?* What does he say, sir?

34-36. *Il me commande*, etc. He commands me to tell you to make ready, for this soldier is disposed to cut your throat immediately.

40-42. *O, je vous supplie*, etc. Oh, I beg of you, for the love of God, to pardon me. I am a gentleman of good family. Spare my life, and I will give you two hundred *écus*.

49. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?* Little man, what does he say?
- 50-53. *Encore qu'il est*, etc. That it is against his oath to pardon any prisoner, yet for the *écus* which you have promised him, he is willing to give you liberty and freedom.
66. *Suivez-vous*, etc. Follow the great captain.
71. *Roaring devil i' the old play*. An allusion to the old morality plays, in which the devil frequently figured in a humorous way.
74. *Adventurously*. Boldly.

## SCENE V.

1. *O diable*. Oh, the devil!
2. *O Seigneur*, etc. Oh, Lord! the day is lost, all is lost!
3. *Mort de ma vie*. Death of my life! **Confounded**. Ruined.
5. *O méchante fortune*. Oh, wicked fortune!
7. *Perdurable*. Lasting.
12. *Spoiled*. Ruined. **Friend**. Befriend.
13. *On*. In.

## SCENE VI.

3. *Commends him to*. Begs to be remembered to.
8. *Larding*. Enriching with his blood.
9. *Honour-owing*. Honor-owning, honorable.
11. *Haggled*. Hacked.
12. *Insteeped*. Drenched.
18. *Well-foughten*. Cf. the form *boughten*, sometimes heard at the present day.
21. *Raught*. Reached. Cf. *taught*.
33. *Perforce*. Of necessity. **Compound**. Make an agreement with. Cf. II, 1, 101, and IV, 3, 80.
35. *Alarum*. Trumpet call, or uproar of battle.
38. **Through**. Throughout the army.

## SCENE VII.

1. Kill the poys and the luggage. Of this episode Holinshed writes: "Certeine Frenchmen on horssebacke . . . to the number of six hundred horssemen, which were the first that fled, hearing that the English tents & paulions were a good waie distant from the armie, without anie sufficient gard to defend the same, . . . entred vpon the king's campe and there spoiled the hails [pavilions], robbed the tents, brake vp chests, and caried away caskets and slue such seruants as they found to make anie resistance. . . . But when the outcrie of the lackies and boies which ran away for feare of the Frenchmen thus spoiling the campe, came to the kings eares, he doubting least his enimies should gather together againe, and begin a new field; and mistrusting further that the prisoners would be an aid to his enimies . . . contrarie to his accustomed gentlenes, commanded by sound of trumpet that euerie man (vpon paine of death) should incontinentlie slaie his prisoner."

3-4. In your conscience. To speak with conscientious truth. Cf. 1, 80.

33. Figures. Comparisons.

35. Cholers. Fits of anger.

47. Great-belly doublet. A doublet or close fitting jacket, thickly padded in front, as was at one time the custom.

54. Was not. Have not been; a common Shakespearean idiom.

55. Trumpet. Cf. 2, 61, *note*.

58. Void. Abandon.

60. Skirr. Scurry, hurry. Cf. *Macbeth*, V, 3, 35:—

"Send out moe horses, skirr the country round."

61. **Enforced.** Sent by force, driven.
68. **Fined.** Agreed to pay.
72. **Book.** Make note of.
79. **Yerk.** Jerk.
99. **Monmouth caps.** Monmouth was famous for the manufacture of caps.
102. **Saint Tavy's day.** Cf. 1, 54, *note*.
116. **Just notice.** Exact information.
121. **Gage.** Cf. 1, 207, *note*.
125. **Swaggered with me.** Bullied me.
132. **Craven.** Coward.
135. **Great sort.** High rank. Quite from the answer of his degree. Entirely relieved, according to the laws of duelling, from the necessity of fighting a man of his rank.
140. **Jack-sauce.** Saucy fellow; sometimes written *Saucy Jack*.
143. **Sirrah.** Used toward inferiors.
146. **Who.** Whom, a common construction in Shakespeare.
- 153-154. **When Alençon and myself were down together.** Holinshed says of this incident: "The king that daie showed himself a valiant knight, albeit almost felled by the duke of Alanson; yet with plaine strength he slue two of the duke's companie, and felled the duke himselfe."
171. **Favour.** Something worn as a token. In the Middle Ages knights often wore as favors a scarf, a glove, or some other token given them by their wives or sweethearts.
172. **Haply.** By chance.
175. **If that.** If; common in Shakespeare.

## SCENE VIII.

9. 'Sblood. A contraction of "God's blood."
29. Fellow. Mate. **He that I gave it to.** The nominative with a preposition is a common construction in Shakespeare.
41. Bitter terms. Hard words.
51. Lowliness. Humble manner.
64. Prabbles. Broils, quarrels.
74. Good sort. Cf. 7, 135, *note*.
79. Note. List, memorandum.
85. Dubb'd. The regular word used of conferring knighthood.
104. Name. Importance.
105. **But five and twenty.** Of this statement Holinshed says, "As some doo report; but other writers of greater credit affirme, that there were slaine above five or six hundred persons."
122. **Non nobis.** "And so, about foure of the clocke in the after noone, the king, when he saw no apperance of enimies, caused the retreat to be blowen; and, gathering his armie together, gave thanks to almightie God for so happy a victorie; . . . and commanded everie man to kneele downe on the ground at this verse, '*Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam.*'" **Te Deum.** A service of thanksgiving, so called because of a hymn generally sung on such occasions, the opening words of which are "*Te Deum laudamus.*"

## ACT V, PROLOGUE.

3. **To admit the excuse.** To excuse our inadequate representation.

5. **Huge and proper life.** The large scale of real life which rightly belongs to them.

10. **Pales in.** Encloses.

12. **Whiffler.** One who clears the way.

21. **Trophy, signal, and ostent.** "All the honours of conquest, all trophies, tokens, and shows." — JOHNSON.

25. **Best sort.** Best manner or style.

29. **Loving likelihood.** A similar probability looked forward to with joy.

30. **General.** The Earl of Essex, who had set out to suppress an insurrection in Ireland, in March, 1599. As he returned in September, this allusion fixes the date of this play between these dates.

32. **Broached.** Spitted.

38. **The emperor's.** The emperor is. The Emperor Sigismund, who was a distant relative of Henry by marriage, visited England in 1416.

43. **Remembering.** Reminding.

44. **Brook abridgement.** Put up with the condensing of events.

#### SCENE I.

5. **Scauld.** Scabby.

19. **Bedlam.** Mad. The word, which was the name of a hospital for lunatics in London, was corrupted from Bethlehem. **Trojan.** A slang word used without any very definite meaning, heard occasionally even now.

20. **Fold up Parca's fatal web.** Pistol's rant for die. The allusion is to the ancient belief that the *Parcæ*, or fates, spun, measured, and cut off the life threads of all human beings.

28. **Cadwallader.** The last of the ancient Welsh kings.
36. **Squire of low degree.** The title of a well-known ballad.
39. **Astonished.** Confounded, amazed.
59. **Groat.** A four-penny piece.
64. **Earnest.** Pledge. Cf. II, 2, 169, *note*.
- 71-72. **Begun upon an honourable respect.** Having its origin in considerations of honor.
73. **Avouch.** Support.
- 74-75. **Gleeking and galling.** Scoffing and sneering.
77. **Garb.** Manner.
79. **Condition.** Disposition.
81. **Hus-wife.** Hussy, jilt.

## SCENE II.

1. **Wherefore.** For which purpose.
3. **Fair time of day.** Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, V, 2, 339 :—  
 “All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!”
16. **Bent.** Aim.
17. **Basilisks.** An imaginary creature supposed to have the power of killing by a look. The word was also figuratively applied to cannon.
19. **Have.** Agrees in number with *looks* instead of *venom*, a frequent construction in Shakespeare.
23. **On equal love.** On an equal footing of love.
27. **Bar.** The poet may have had in mind the fact that at such meetings the parties were often separated by a bar.
28. **Mightiness.** The plural.
31. **Congreeted.** Met together.



33. Rub. Cf. II, 2, 188, *note*.
37. Put up. Lift.
39. Husbandry. Tillage. **On heaps.** Cf. IV, 5, 13, *note*.
42. Even-pleached. Evenly interwoven.
46. Coulter. Ploughshare.
47. Deracinate. Uproot. **Savagery.** Wild growth.
48. Erst. Formerly.
50. Uncorrected. Uncut, untrimmed.
51. Conceives by idleness. Produces in idleness, at random.
52. Kecksies. Hollow, dry stalks of hemlock and similar plants.
61. Diffused. Disordered.
63. Favour. Appearance.
65. Let. Impediment, hindrance.
71. Accord. Agreement.
72. Tenours and particular effects. General purport and detailed application.
73. Enscheduled. Written down.
77. Cursorary. Cursory, hasty.
82. Accept. Acceptance.
88. Advantageable. Profitable.
90. Consign. Sign agreement to. Cf. 299.
94. Nicely. Overexactly. **Stood on.** Insisted on.
99. Terms. Words.
108. Pardonnez-moi. Pardon me.
- 112-114. Que dit-il, etc. "What did he say? that I am like the angels?" "Yes, truly, saving your grace, thus he said."
- 130-131. I wear out my suit. Note the pun.
- 131-132. Clap hands. Clasp hands.
133. Sauf votre honneur. Saving your honor.

135. You undid me. You would undo me.
- 136-138. Measure. Used in three senses : (1) metre, (2) dancing, (3) amount.
142. Buffet. Box.
144. Jack-an-apes. Monkey.
145. Greenly. Sentimentally, foolishly.
151. Let thine eye be thy cook. Let thine eye picture me to thee as thou would wish me to be.
- 151-152. Plain soldier. As a plain soldier. Cf. *As You Like It*, III, 2, 227 :—  
 “Speak sad brow and true maid.”
156. Uncoined constancy. Not made for circulation ; not to pass from hand to hand.
162. Fall. Shrink.
- 184-187. Je quand, etc. The king's French grammar is not of the best ; literally he says : “ I when on the possession of France, and when you have the possession of me . . . then yours is France and you are mine.”
- 191-192. Sauf votre honneur, etc. “Saving your honor, the French that you speak is better than the English that I speak.”
194. Truly-falsely. With the best of intentions, but with bad grammar.
201. Closet. Private chamber.
208. Scambling. Struggling, effort. Cf. I, 1, 4.
- 209-210. Flower-de-luce. Fleur-de-lys, the lily, the national emblem of France.
214. Moiety. Share.
- 216-217. La plus belle Katharine, etc. The most beautiful Katharine in the world, my very dear and divine goddess.

222. **Blood.** Disposition, temper.
224. **Untempering.** Having no power to influence.
225. **Beshrew.** A mild curse.
242. **Fellow with the best king.** The equal of the best king.
- 243-244. **Broken music.** The music of harps, mandolins, and other stringed instruments in which the tones of a chord were generally not sounded at the same time, but followed one another. An *appoggio* is still sometimes called a broken chord.
247. **De roi mon père.** The king my father.
- 253-257. **Laissez, mon seigneur, etc.** There is probably some corruption of the text here, for the French is not clear. It may be freely translated as follows: "Don't, my lord, don't! My faith! I do not wish you to lower your greatness by kissing the hand of one of your unworthy servants; excuse me, I beg of you, my very powerful lord."
265. **Entendre better que moi.** Understands better than I.
268. **Oui, vraiment.** Yes, truly.
269. **Nice.** Overparticular.
271. **List.** Barrier.
288. **Condition.** Temper, disposition.
298. **It were.** It would be.
299. **Consign to.** Agree to. Cf. 90.
300. **Wink.** Shut the eyes. Cf. II, 1, 8.
309. **Bartholomew-tide.** Saint Bartholomew's day is August 24.
318. **Perspectively.** In a "perspective," or optical contrivance or toy. The Elizabethans were very fond of such toys.
- 326-327. **Terms of reason.** Reasonable terms.
330. **In sequel.** Afterwards.

331. According to their firm proposed natures. In accordance with their natures as they were firmly proposed.

334-335. Matter of grant. The granting of some request.

336. Addition. Title.

336-337. Notre très-cher fils, etc. Our very dear son Henry, king of England, heir of France.

338-339. Præclarissimus filius, etc. Our most illustrious son Henry, king of England, and heir of France. The original treaty has *praecarissimus*, the Latin equivalent of *très-cher*. Shakespeare follows Holinshed.

343. Rank with the rest. Be granted with the others.

349. Conjunction. Alliance.

350. Plant neighbourhood. Establish a neighborly feeling.

360. Ill offence. Injury or unjust deed.

362. Paction. Compact of alliance.

369. Surety. Guarantee.

### EPILOGUE.

2. Bending. Stooping beneath a difficult burden.

4. By starts. By presenting in disconnected fragments.

7. World's best garden. France. Cf. 2, 36.

9. In infant bands. Henry V died when his son was less than a year old.

13. Which oft our stage hath shown. An allusion to *Henry VI*, which had been frequently played before.

14. Let this acceptance take. Let this play be favorably received.

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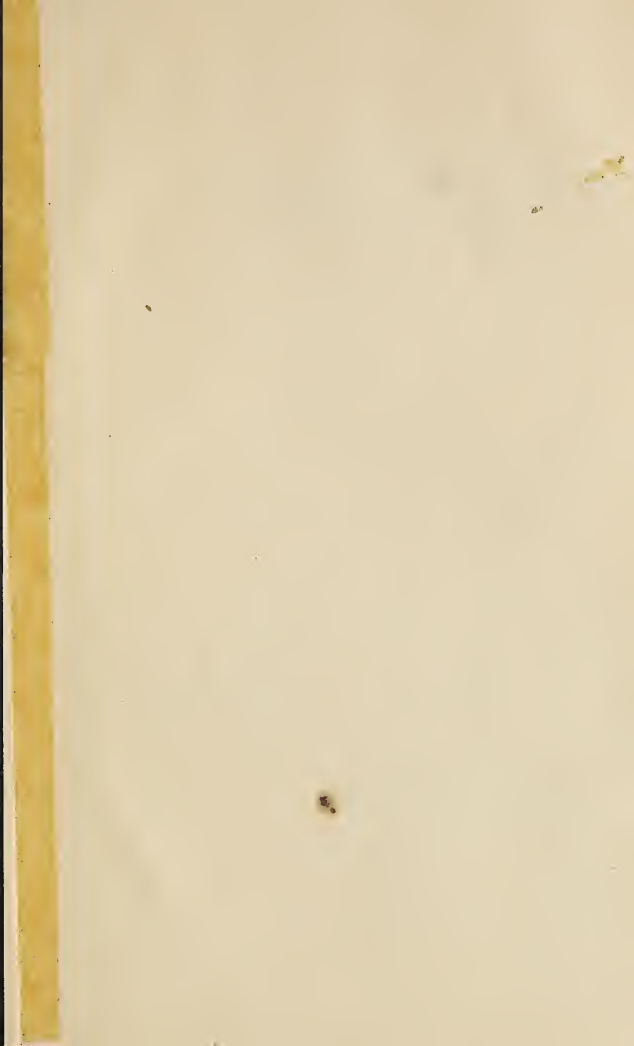
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